ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01229 6684

Gc
973.74
In2poo

UNDER CANVASS;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE

FALL AND SUMMER CAMPAIGN

OF THE

14TH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS,

Col. NATHAN KIMBALL,

In Western Virginia, in 1861.

CONTAINING INCIDENTS OF SCOUTING PARTIES, SKIRMISHES, BATTLES, ANECDOTES OF THE WAR, LIFE AROUND THE CAMP-FIRES, &c.,

BY J. T. POOL,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE UNION TROOPS OF INDIANA.

giv
may
times," and ag
have the pleasure
the Incidents of 186
the Regiment.

TERRE-HAUTE:
OLIVER BARTLETT, PUBLISHER,
101 Main Street.
1862.

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Author is aware that this little volume of Incidents has many imperfections, but he is hopeful that its truthfulness will have the effect of throwing the mantle of charity over its defects, and thereby give it an interest in the eyes of a generous public.

Although the Fourteenth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers does not stand in need of a Biographer, so long as they continue to write their own history with the points of their bayonetts; still there are many Incidents which would otherwise be swallowed up and lost in the din and smoke of battle, did not some poor devil of a scribbler rescue them from oblivion. The Author does not deny that he wishes to turn an "honest penny" by giving this little work to the Public, that he may be enabled to weather the storm of "hard times," and again join the Fourteenth, and have the pleasure of giving to the Public the Incidents of 1862, as they may occur in the Regiment.

The Author has been with the Fourteenth Regiment through all its sufferings, and successes, and has become wedded to its interests, and its fame, by sharing in its dangers. Should this little work meet with favor, the Campaign of 1862 will be written out on the Battle Fields of the Fourteenth Regiment, and given to the friends of Constitutional Union in a more pleasing form by the

Author.

Note.—The Author acknowledges himself indebted to Sergeants R. O. Bana and G. B. Shelledy of Company F. for the use of their diaries, which have been of great advantage in compiling, by bringing fresh to the mind, Incidents which might otherwise have escaped the attention of the Author.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

http://archive.org/details/undercanvassorre00pool

KIMBALL AND HIS MEN.

BY HENRY HITCHCOCK.

All hail! the gallant Fourteenth brave,
Who'd rather fill a soldier's grave
Than act the coward's part.
They're Indiana's glory, pride—
Their name is echoed far and wide
And cherished in each heart.

Their praise is heard on every tongue,
And in our songs it shall be sung—
Of Indiana boys.
They're true of heart, and brave and strong:
Before them sweep the foe along,
As tho' but children's toys.

With "steady fire," in battle array,
They fight, and, cheering, win the day,
With ne'er a thought of fear.
They shed their blood—they risk their all—
Resolved, by treason, ne'er shall fall
The land they love most dear.

"Our Banner" floating o'er them, bright
With gorgeous hues of morning light,
Makes each one brave and strong
And hearts aglow. "On, onward, on!"
They go, and think of WASHINGTON,
And join in Freedom's song.

With eyes upon the good old flag
That traitors in the dust would drag,
Their souls become inspired;
And, keeping step to martial strain,
The battle field they quick would gain,
To strike 'till life expired.

Tho' leaden death around them fly
Like hail, in storm, from yonder sky—
They heed not, neither pause,
But strike for God—their native land—
The loved ones left—the household band—
And Freedom's holy cause.

With Colonel KIMBALL in the van—
Than whom there ne'er was braver man—
His voice they all obey;
And tho' to certain death he'd lead,
They'd still press on with quickened speed,
Each eager for the fray.

They hear, as from the clouds afar,
A voice that discords never mar—
As coming down from Heaven:
"None nobler are than those who fight
For God, and 'Country, wrong or right'—
The 'Crown' to them is given."

Where'er the Fourteenth shall be found,
No more the foe shall taint the ground,
And slimy treason crawl;
For theirs shall be a fate most dire,
Before our heroes' "steady fire,"
As scores and scores shall fall.

The laurels they do win and wear,
Who risk their lives and nobly dare
To face their country's foe;
Who hurl defiance in their face,
And rout and doom them to disgrace,
And send them "down below."

TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 21, 1861.

THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN VIRGINIA

OF THE

14TH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

The sun rose bright and clear over the Capital of Indiana, on the morning of the 5th of July, 1861, and, as its first rays kissed the white tents of the Fourteenth Regiment, which lay spread out in all its untried strength on the North East limits of the city, the order was given to "strike," and, in ten minutes, the white tents which dotted the plain, and were now to become the soldier's home for months, perchance for years, had disappeared as if by magic. Where we were going, none of us knew, but all turned their eyes to the South East, hoping that Western Virginia would be our destination. It is a wise arrangement of Providence that the future is hid from our view, otherwise our untried soldiers of the Fourteenth would have melted, in anticipation of the severe storms and almost constantly wet jackets they were called upon to endure, in the mountain passes of Western Virginia.

The scattered fragments of what now constitutes the Fourteenth, were brought together and systematized at Camp Vigo, near the beautiful city of Terre-Haute, by their now efficient field officers, Colonels Kimball and Mahan, Major Harrow and Adjutant Blinn. Gathered as they were, by the officers of the different companies, from the counties of Parke, Vermillion, Putnam, Vigo, Clay, Owen, Green, Sullivan, Knox, Vanderburgh and other localities, it cannot be a source of astonishment that every class of society was represented in its ranks. Here was the broad-shouldered six-footer from the back-woods, swearing that he was a "*ring-tailed roarer*," and ready to "chaw up" any amount of rebels, from a "secesh" Colonel, down to a cook of the Cor-

poral's mess. Here were found the lawyer, the doctor, the mechanic from his shop, the ploughman from his field, the clerk from the dry-goods store, who, tired of measuring tape, was anxious to measure his strength with the foemen of his country; the school master, who, having laid aside his ferule and rod, together with his vocation of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," had himself come to learn the art of shooting rebels. Here too, we may suppose was the gambler, who, for a time, was willing to forego the pleasure of *"turning up jack,"* and virtually putting himself in the way of being *"turned down,"* for the good of his country. The printer, whose war-like disposition had knocked his composition into *"pi,"* was here with but small prospect of tasting "pie" for days and months to come. The lawyer threw aside his "brief" for a brief turn with the enemy. The doctor, much to the relief of his patients released them from calomel and *sore mouths*, but gave notice to pay up, in order that he might administer a *blue pill* and sore head to the rebels. The minister of the Gospel, who, for years, had been waging war on the kingdom of Satan, rightly considering that his Satanic Majesty had set up his flag in conjunction with the Confederates, was here, gun in hand, having left the saving of souls to the laymen of his flock, that he might have a chance of losing his own *sole* and saving the bacon of the enemy. All these heretofore scattered fragments had to be consolidated by the commandant, and brought to act as one man. It was done, and the Regiment moved to Camp Kimball, near Indianapolis, and when the order came to strike tents, as we have before mentioned, the Regiment stretched its long columns, and wound its sinuous way to the South East Depot.

It was apparent now that our destination was Western Virginia. No State has sent out a braver or a better set of men than that day departed from Indiana, for active service in the enemies country, and no Regiment has better sustained the expectations of its friends. It is no disparagement then to say, that many an eye was moistened as busy memory went back to the old homestead, and the familiar faces that were wont to gather around the hearth-stone, and we venture nothing in saying that the brave lads of the Fourteenth's

"Still dream of the woodbines that covered
The place where they sat with wife, children and friends."

The solemnity of the visages which met the eye after we had started, was becoming quite painful, when the current of our thoughts was turned into another channel, by a strange kind of "cove" who arose slowly from his seat with the moisture still in his eyes, and thus delivered himself, and relieved his heart from the burthen which oppressed it:

"Boys! care killed a cat. I have been in the wars before; this kind of feeling is all flummux; if we go on in this way, our hearts will become as soft as a boiled turnip, when, in fact, they ought to be harder than a Dutch cheese. After we have been three months among the rebels of Western Virginia, I doubt if we shall have any hearts at all; nothing but legs, eyes, and ears. As for stomach, I don't believe we shall have any use for one. A dig in our ribs with a bayonet will not be likely to have any more effect on us than it would on so much dry bull hide. When, as I have done, you will have to stick a piece of mule steak on the end of your ramrod and chase a prairie fire a mile and a half to get it cooked, you will think you are both pretty well done—*especially the meat.* Now, I propose 'the girl I left behind me.'"

Here the scamp set up a noise that sounded somewhere between the filing of a hand saw and the discordant cry of a pea fowl. The boys chimed in and soon the old hilarity began to return, and by the time we had traveled fifty miles, all thoughts of absent friends seemed to have vanished, and war and bloodshed was the theme of conversation.

On the sixth of July, the meridian sun found us at Bellair, on the Ohio river. "Boys, over yonder is the secesh country," and in one hour we were in Western Virginia. After a short delay in transporting our baggage across the Ohio, we were crowded into the baggage cars and soon plunged into the mountains of Virginia. We say *plunged*, for where the Wheeling railroad does not go round a mountain, it goes through it, and I have counted no less than fifteen tunnels in half a day's journey. On the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, between Grafton and Parkersburgh, some of them are over a mile in length.

Next morning we landed at Clarksburgh, where we received our teams, for the Regiment, and loaded up our camp equipage amid the usual amount of swearing on such occasions, every one insisting upon his things being loaded first, and considering himself an ill-used individual because it was not done according to his particular wishes. Amid the neighing and plunging of horses, the shouting and swearing of teamsters, and the "thunder of the Captains," the author of this 'veritable history," being the cook of the officer's mess, and therefore supposed to know what he was about, quietly stepped up to the teamster and tapping him on the shoulder, informed that gentleman that it was the Captain's express order that the camp chest of his, the Captain's mess, together with all the utensils of said mess, be loaded in that wagon in two minutes, failing in which, he might consider himself dismissed, in order to make room for another Jehu that

would do it. This settled the question of preference, and the Regiment was soon on its march, winding around the base of the hills—the scouts thrown well in advance, the skirmishers deploying right and left wherever it was possible to scale the mountains or penetrate the thickets of the deep mountain gorges.

That night we encamped in the open air, six miles from Clarksburgh, and from here it may truly be said that the Fourteenth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, had actually entered on the campaign in Western Virginia. The sun had not risen next morning when we were fairly on our way; only a few sparks struck from the heels of old Sol's fiery steeds served to light us on our march, and we had "devoured" some five miles of the crooked pike, before he came lumbering over the mountains, "whipping and slashing like a post boy half an hour behind his time." It was soon surmised by most of us, that we were on a forced march, to what particular point none could tell. The surmise became a certainty when we found that we could stop but once during the day, to cook a hasty meal, and then up and away again, the Colonel in the van, and wearing a look of impatience, as if wishing to reach a certain point within a given time. As we wound around the mountains and along the skirts of the narrow valleys, we could sometimes see a solitary individual, and sometimes two or three together on the top of some distant mountain, watching our movements, but careful to keep out of gun shot, and disappearing whenever our scouts attempted to get within range. This gave us little or no uneasiness, so we "forged ahead," the Colonel ordering all the *ornamental* part of the Regiment to keep in the rear, your historian among the number.

At Buckhannon there began to be vague rumors of the enemy being ahead, of roads blockaded, of entrenchments on Laurel Hill, and all manner of "grape vine dispatches," as Camp news is generally termed by the boys. Here we were ordered to lighten the wagons of all superfluous articles, and the boys in their eagerness to disincumber themselves of the heavy loads which were causing many of them to flag, began with praiseworthy industry to pile in one promiscuous heap, everything which they could possibly spare, and in the heat of excitement, probably a little more. Camp kettles, extra clothing, extra bedding, boxes of various articles, cooking utensils, of which we had an abundance, all were thrown together in one miscellaneous heap.—There had come into camp that morning, two or three wild looking corncrackers from the mountains, who were industriously filling large sacks with our cast off goods, and who represented themselves as being exceedingly good Union men. While we were speculating on what a god send

these cast-away articles would be to a young married couple, just commencing housekeeping in Indiana, we heard one corn cracker say to another—"Just wait until after they are all gone and then we can get all these things; we can tote them up into the hills and hide them in some place, until we get a chance to tote them home."—Ah, my cute mountaineers, thought we, there is an old story about counting chickens before they are hatched, which story, may be, you never heard. "Look here, corn-cracker, did you vote a Union ticket? because if you did, you can't have ———." "No, no, we didn't vote at all; we are good Union men and live away up in the mountains; we tote corn dodgers down here, and sell them to the Union troops for five cents a piece. Corn is mighty scase here away, and so is money.—No, no, we're good Union men—we didn't vote at all, nary way; we got no hosses—tote every thing on our backs."

"Boys," said we, "these corn-crackers and dodger men say they did not vote, consequently they must be "secesh" at heart; this thing of bringing goods all the way from Indiana and then giving them away to these doubtful Union men, who have just been selling us corn dodgers, and very small ones at that, for five cents a piece, appears to me to be rather too much of a one sided game. Now, corn-crackers, empty your sacks on that pile quickly, and 'stand by' for a good warm, for you appear to be very thinly clad." The thing was done, the torch applied, and as the blaze from the boxes, barrels, and other combustible matter shot up into the air, the expression on the countenances of the disappointed corn-crackers, was that of men who had suddenly lost a friend, or of those watching a fortune gradually slipping from their grasp.

Having thus relieved themselves from their burthens, the boys were enabled to push forward with greater ease, and therefore made good time. During the day, it was rumored that we were bound for Gen. McClellan's head quarters, and occasionally Rich Mountain would be whispered along the line, but, as yet, all was uncertainty to those in the ranks, the Field Officers only appearing to know whither we were bound.

That night we pitched our tents on the banks of a rapid stream rushing through the mountain gullies, over which was a strong bridge. It had been destroyed by the rebels, but rebuilt by the Union troops. Supper was over, and we had got snugly stowed away for the night, congratulating ourselves on our comfortable quarters, and gradually dropping off into dreamland, in which was blended visions of Camp Vigo, with whole platoons of sweet, smiling ladies, bearing pies and all the various delicacies for which our Wabash valley is famous, while in the rear dimly and

vaguely defined, came a shuffling corn-cracker, loaded down with corn dodgers, at five cents a piece. We could plainly hear the dodgers as they knocked together, producing a clear ringing sound, and we were about entering our protest against their being brought on in company with the pies, when suddenly we found ourselves wide awake standing bolt upright in the tent, having been brought to our senses and our feet at the same moment, by the sharp ringing crack from the rifles of our scouts and pickets.—In an instant the whole camp was alive, some rushing out with gun in hand without coat or hat, while the loud calls of Orderlies, shouting to their different companies to "fall in," the roll of the drum beating the alarm —the mountains looming up in the darkness—the tramp of armed men hurrying through the gloom, all contributed to render the scene at once grand and sublime. It is astonishing how rapidly large bodies of men can be brought to act in concert; but, system and obedience, under one directing will, with sharp practice, will move large bodies in perfect harmony, while the want of them will leave the same men a disconnected rabble. It could not have been three minutes before whole companies were to be seen, under their proper officers, gliding out into the darkness, taking up their positions with the regularity of old soldiers. There had been a slight skirmish here some days before our arrival, and the graves of two or three were still fresh on the sides of the mountain. It had been a kind of guerrilla attack, and no doubt the same sneaking scamps had been hovering about our Regiment, and had been fired upon by our pickets. At any rate, there was nothing more seen or heard of them, and the effect was to keep the entire Regiment laying under arms all night. Bad luck to the rascals for disturbing our pleasant dreams of Camp Vigo and the ladies and pies!

We have often heard of people sitting up all night, in order to get a good start in the morning. This was not precisely the case with us on Wednesday night, July 10th, 1861, but might as well have been, for although those of us who were not posted as pickets crept back into our tents and laid down with our accoutrements on, grasping our muskets. It is not to be inferred that under the circumstances, the "drowsy god" was wooed with any degree of success. Blessed be the man that invented sleep, was the exclamation of Sancho Panza after the battle of the "wind mills," but as to the Fourteenth being benefitted by the invention, that night, it stood in about the same relation as the receipe for making turtle soup stands to a hungry man. The first item in the receipe being "first catch the turtle."

After a hasty breakfast of hot coffee

and sheet iron crackers, we resumed our line of march for head quarters, which was understood to be eight miles ahead. By this time the boys were getting accustomed to travelling with the addition of soldiers baggage, which consisted of two blankets, canteen, knife and fork, plate, tin, cup, haversack and one day's rations, musket, cartouch box with forty rounds of cartridges, one shirt, one pair of socks and one pair of drawers. This morning the men stepped off with the eagerness and alacrity of men, who, for some particular purpose, are anxious to reach the end of their journey. We had not gone far however, before it was rumored that there was a prospect of a skirmish at Rich Mountain, and, as we proceeded, we heard from wagoners whom we met, that there was rumor of sharp work going on about two miles from head quarters. By the time we had marched four miles the rumor became a certainty, and a "fight ahead, boys," was sufficient incentive for a "double quick" movement. The laggard gathered himself up, and sprang off as if impelled by some new motive power. Those who hitherto were listless and seemingly uninterested, suddenly woke up to the reality of the stirring events, as if imbued with new life and energy, and all seemed to act as though springs had been placed under their heels, which were forcing them onward with tremendous power. Being of rather an inquisitive turn of mind the author hereof, was, at the time, ahead of the main column, seeking for information but was glad to get out of the way as the Fourteenth came up with and passed him, for the scene of action, with the rush of a whirlwind. We had crossed a high spur of the mountain ranges, and were now descending to the valley by the usual zigzag manner in which all the inclined planes are overcome on the pikes of a mountainous country. As we turned the base of one of the thousand little spurs which shoot out of the main ranges, we came full upon the valley, and there in all its beauty and vast strength stood the white tents of ten thousand Union soldiers, the home, for the time being, of Gen. McClellan's army of occupation in Western Virginia.

It was now ten o'clock A. M., and to pitch our tents and cook our dinners, was but the work of a moment. The boys were as uneasy as bed-bugs in a beer barrel, until 2 o'clock P. M. when they were all called out and ordered under arms in company with the Fifteenth Indiana, to act as a reserve in case they should be needed. In the meantime the Eighth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Indiana Regiments had been sent to work their way, in connection with the artillery, round the enemies camp, and if possible to drive them from their entrenchments, down into the valley, where the Cavalry could get a fair sweep at them. Occasionally we could hear the faint rattle of musketry from the side of Rich

Mountain, as one or the other party sent their leaden messengers hurling into the opposing ranks. Then again would come up from the valley the booming of cannon, and the long spiral column of smoke rising above the dense thickets of undergrowth, would show us where the Union troops were contending for the Constitution, against those in rebellion against our Government.

As usual among soldiers, the boys did up some tall swearing, at being compelled to stand as a reserve, when they expected and hoped to have been called into immediate action, and some actually shed tears, when denied the privilege of going out to the scene of conflict. We were kept under arms until 6 o'clock P. M., and then dismissed with orders to lay on our arms, to be in readiness for action at a moment's warning. The sounds of conflict had died away, and as we heard no news from the field of battle the anxiety became painfully intense. It may readily be imagined that the boys of the Fourteenth did not sleep much that night. The author however had just got into a comfortable snooze, dreaming that he was a six-pounder, being loaded with grape shot, the ramming home of the charge having the effect of waking him up, to find himself violently punched with the butt of a musket in the hands of the Orderly of Company "F," with orders from the captain to have breakfast ready in fifteen minutes.

Again the Fourteenth stood to their arms, occupying the same ground as on the previous evening. Soon a dense smoke rose in the air and it was ascertained that a house standing in the way of the contending parties had been fired, most probably to prevent its occupation by the enemy. About 9 o'clock A. M. news came that our brave Indiana boys had gained the victory, and that the rebels were retreating in confusion, leaving behind them tents, wagons, horses, everything that would impede their flight. One wild hurrah, and the valley fairly trembled as with the shock of an earthquake, while the mountain crags caught the joyous sound as it rolled upward through the wild gorges, until the grey old cliffs echoed, and re-echoed with the victor's shout, loud as the "thunders of Sinai," giving us the assurance that Indiana's brave troops were the masters of Western Virginia.

"Up tents and after them" was the order, and, as if by magic, our canvass fell to the ground—the wagons drove round and were loaded, the men with all their accoutrements upon them, fell into line, and away we went, the Fourteenth leading the van, to hunt down the fratricidal host, and if possible prevent their retreat across the mountains. As we filed out into the road, we met the victorious Indianians coming in with the traitorous Palmetto flag trailing in the dust—the "Stars and Stripes floating proudly

in the breeze, and the bands playing "Yankee Doodle" with a zeal and energy that would have shattered the nerves of a Highland bagpiper. The boys gave a hearty cheer for the Union flag, a horrid groan to the strange rebel rag, (the first they had then seen) and then pushed on with a determination as many of them have since said, of winning a name for the Fourteenth that should vie with the proudest of the land. How well they succeeded in the accomplishment of their determination, is well known to many, and thereof the writer will proceed to make known.

Two miles marching brought us to the rebel camp, where the fight had commenced the evening before. Here were their breastworks and ditches and here too were their tents, wagons, horses, camp equipage and prisoners; but the property had changed hands, within the last twenty-four hours, and the prisoners put one in mind of Milton's fallen angels, "brooding on the burning marl of his new dominions." Two miles further, and at a point where the road turns sharp around the shoulder of Rich Mountain, the rebels had hurriedly thrown up breastworks, and here they had made their last and most desperate struggle to relieve the fortunes of the day, but all in vain, for the "Hoosiers" swept down on them like an avalanche, and when we arrived at the battle ground, our troops were collecting the dead and wounded of the enemy, who had been left to be cared for by the very hands that had inflicted the blows. The battle, in true "Hoosier" style, had been "short, sharp, and decisive."

It is a singular fact, that has been noticed by others, as well as by the author, that with but few exceptions, the dead of the enemy were found to have been shot in the head. This may be attributed to the close proximity of the parties, or to the fact of the enemy having been behind breastworks, and the head only being exposed or to the accuracy of the "Hoosier" aim. The author is inclined to the latter opinion, from having himself examined the bullet marks on the trees, and finding but few marks higher than six feet, and none lower than four feet from the ground. Another circumstance which goes far to confirm him in this opinion is, that he has since known privates of the Fourteenth Regiment who with a common musket, off hand, sent balls crashing through the skulls of rebels at a distance of one hundred and sixty yards, without regarding it as a "crack shot." We know men in the Regiment who will wager their month's pay, that they can load and fire their musket five times in five minutes, and put each ball into a target the size of a hat crown at one hundred yards distance.

While on the subject of shooting we cannot omit to notice the celebrated "centre shot," which was made during the latter part of the engage

ment of which we have been speaking, an account of which was forwarded by the author to the "Wabash *Express*." The incident places the marksmanship of the "Hoosier" beyond doubt. A party of our sharpshooters were posted on the brow of an eminence which brought them on a level with a party of the enemy, on a like eminence, across a narrow valley through which ran the road, as it turned the shoulder of the mountain, the distance between the parties being about two hundred yards. The battle was raging a little to the left of our sharpshooters, and they were doing good execution in picking off the cannoniers of the enemy, when their attention was drawn to a little squad of the rebels opposite to them, by the frequent whizzing of bullets, about ten feet above their heads. As soon as our squad could fairly locate them, they let loose a volley, but strange to say, without any visible effect. This clear miss, seemed to tickle the rebels hugely, and, in contempt of what they considered our poor marksmanship, one of them turned around, stooped over, and offered our squad a glaring insult. This cool and deliberate act of contempt on the part of "sesher," had the effect of making "Hoosier" tearing mad. Considering himself and the entire squad insulted, grossly, by the act, he hastily adjusted the sights of his Enfield rifle to the proper range, threw back his right leg, cocked his hat up in front, dropped his piece into his left hand, brought the breech to his shoulder with a jerk, and blazed away at the stooping "sesher," making a *centre shot!* the ball travelling the whole length of the "seshers" body, and coming out at the throat. As a matter of course "sesher" fell with his back to the foe, and we do not hesitate to say that it will be a long time before any one of that squad will venture to place himself in a similar position, before an Enfield rifle at two hundred yards distance, with a mad "Hoosier" at the other end of it. We saw the unfortunate victim of "Hoosier" sharp shooting lying beside the ditch in company with some thirty other defunct rebels. They were the first men we had ever seen who were killed in battle, and we felt sick at heart, as we silently speculated upon the cause which brought them there to meet a violent death at the hands of their justly incensed countrymen.

But it will not do for us to stay too long on Rich Mountain, or the rebels will get too far the start of us. Away we went, stretching out in double file, our scouts scouring the woods in front, and each private on the alert, watching for the foe. It would have been a grand windfall for the poor naked wretches who inhabit the purlieus of our large cities, could they have followed in the wake of the flying rebels. Coats, blankets, shirts, hats, and every imaginable article of clothing covered the face of the hills, having been cast off, in their hot haste to get out of our

way. That night we encamped at Beverly, the county seat of Randolph county. The town was nearly deserted, the enemy as they passed through having told the inhabitants that we were killing men, women, and children, and burning and destroying every thing we came to—that we would murder them all and burn the town. Men, women and children had accordingly taken to the hills, and burrowed in the thickets of the gullies, from whence they would occasionally peep out with the expectation of seeing their homes in flames, and their property converted to the use of our troops; but when they could see no smoke from burning buildings, no property carried off, not even their gardens or fences disturbed, they began to slip back and that night slept in greater security, surrounded by Union troops, than they had for many months, while surrounded by their rebel friends, whose honesty was not, to say the least, unquestionable. Next morning six hundred of the rebels, whose retreat by the way of Huttonville we had cut off, surrendered themselves prisoners of war. After the surrender, we were soon on the march, the Fourteenth in the van, with eight Regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and two of artillery, and reached Huttonville, eleven miles distant, where we found the bridge over Tygart river burned down, and the town deserted, with the exception of one man, and flying villagers just disappearing across the fields, quickly concealing themselves from view by plunging into the thickets of the mountains. The same tale had been told here, as at Beverly, with this addition, that there was over a million of us, killing, burning and destroying as we came on. At this place we left four companies of the Regiment to guard the road which here turns to the right and runs over what is known as the Elkwater pass. To dig down the bank of the river was but a slight task, and we crossed the narrow stream in safety, encamping that evening at the foot of Cheat Mountain. Next day we pushed forward a strong reconnoisance, and finding the way clear, took up our line of march, and at four o'clock P. M., on the 16th day of July 1861, Col. Nathan Kimball pitched his tent on the summit of Cheat Mountain, with but six companies of the Fourteenth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, within twelve miles of an army of ten thousand rebels.

Here commenced the arduous labors incidental to such an advanced position; occupying, as our Regiment did, the post of honor, of the army of occupation in Western Virginia, our little force of six hundred men were compelled to make gigantic exertions for self preservation. Surrounded as we were by enemies on all sides who would not be slow to give information to the large force of rebels in our front, the first movement was to cut off all communication between the scattered

inhabitants in our neighborhood, and the rebel force, and to show a bold front that would intimidate them, until we could fortify ourselves against any successful attack upon our small force. To this end, we seized the bridge over Cheat River, half a mile in front, and Captain Foote, with company A, proceeded to occupy it at once. A line of pickets extended along the banks of the river above and below the bridge, and a strong picket guard was thrown forward to the deadwood, three miles in front. Breastworks of logs, stone and earth were thrown up so as to cover the road; trees and underbrush were cut down, forming a strong chevauxdefricze work, rendering it impossible for an enemy to approach our position, in front, by any other route than the road. In the mean time scouting parties had been sent out, who skirmished boldly up to the enemies lines, killing and driving in the pickets, cutting up their scouting parties, capturing men, and horses, and harrassing them in such a manner that a rebel hardly dared to look out of his tent for fear of getting his head *caved in*. The fighting qualities of our men, which has since rendered the Fourteenth so famous, and which will become a matter of history, were rapidly being developed. In a few days, the four companies which had been left at Huttonville, were relieved and came up to camp together with Capt. Bracken's Cavaly and two pieces of artillery. We could now send out stronger scouting parties, and by sending a few of the cavalry along could carry out our reconnoisances more rapidly than heretofore. These expeditions would sometimes turn out seriously for one or more of our boys, as well as for the rebels, but more especially for the cavalry, who, being unable to take the brush with their horses, were frequently exposed to shots from ambushed rebels on the sides of the mountains. This however, was a game in which our boys were sure to hold *good hands*, and they seldom failed to come down with a *trump* that *euchred* some of the rebel rascals forever.

The formation of the ground in these mountainous regions would naturally lead to bushwhacking fights, and our men fell into the arrangement as naturally as young ducks take to water. In fact, so popular did the scouting business become, that the author has frequently known privates to beg of their officers the privilege of going out with a party, and sometimes, even offer to buy out the lucky ones who were ordered to go. The uneven and rocky face of the mountain regions, the masses of fallen timber, and the dense laurel thickets which spring up in every direction, renders the country peculiarly adapted to this mode of warfare. To one coming from the level and fertile plains of the Wabash valley, this portion of Uncle Sam's do-

mah has a dreary and desolate appearance. The author through the course of a long life has traveled over a large portion of the Union, and he never before happened upon a place which seemed to be so utterly forgotten by its maker, or forsaken by man, as is the Cheat Mountain region. As one of the boys remarked, this must be the place where the Devil's apron string broke, when on his way to build a bridge over the Wabash.

Twenty-two years ago a man by the name of White moved on this mountain, and has lived here ever since, no one with the exception of his son-in-law living within miles of him. We camped on his splendid farm of twenty acres on which were about ten rocks to one blade of grass, on an average, and turned his house into a hospital—his barn into a quartermaster's and commissary's quarters, and placed the old sinner himself, under arrest. White had for years been keeping, what was known on Cheat Mountain pass as the "Hawk Tavern" to distingnish it from the "Woodchuck" Tavern, about twenty miles further on the pass. The story goes that several years ago a traveler stopped at White's and got "hawk" for his breakfast, and went on to the other house and there got "woodchuck" for his dinner; hence the two names, "hawk" and "woodchuck." White was a gaunt, lean, half starved devil, and looked as though he had sucked his last meal from the spout of a bellows, and was none the better for it. He had never been inside of a school house or meeting house, and had never heard a sermon, until brother Webb preached to the regiment from his door-step. He was pious, after his own fashion, his piety consisting however in playing *jigs* and *hoe downs* on an old fiddle, and shooting mountain hawks on Sunday. His arrest went very hard with him, for heretofore he had been as free as the deer on its native hills, but now was not permitted to go out for the purpose of hunting his straying cows, without three or four bayonets at his back. He was a rude kind of blacksmith, and when the Regiment first moved up denied having any tools, but upon search being made, tools were discovered, and also, it was said, some hundred or more bowie knife blades in the rough. The old scamp had been repairing guns and making bowie knives for the rebels until our arrival, when the rebels ran off. We put the tools to a better use—that of shoeing our horses. When the telegraph wire was extended up to camp, White became very much interested, he could understand very well how a paper with a communication written upon it could be strung upon the wire and shoved along, but how to get the paper past the pole without tearing the paper to pieces was a puzzler, and when a communication was sent to Huttonville and an answer returned in fifteen minutes, without a paper having been strung on the wire,

his astonishment was complete, and he evidently looked upon the whole thing as witchcraft, and upon the operator as one who had dealings with the devil, and was careful to give him a wide berth ever after. We have spoken thus particularly about White, because he is a fair sample of the Rebel "Mountaineer" of Western Va.

In the meantime the scouting and bushwhacking warfare was going on vigorously, and many serious, as well as serio-comic incidents occured, one or two of the latter may not be out of place here.

There had been a small scouting party sent out in charge of Lieut. Williams of Company F, the object of the party being to break up a nest of rebels who were in the habit of congregating at a house some seven or eight miles from our camp. By some means the rebels got wind of our boys before they could succeed in surrounding the house, and a part of them broke cover, and started for the nearest mountain jungles, having their retreat covered by the women and children. It was a dastardly, cowardly exhibition of their courage, after boasting of their ability to thrash five to one, when at the present time they outnumbered our little band at least two to one. Our boys were not willing to tarnish the name of soldier by firing when there was danger of injuring women and children, but they also felt as little disposed to let the rebels escape without giving them a lasting remembrance of Hoosier scouting. There was still about an equal number of rebels left behind to match our little force, man for man. The distance between the parties was about two hundred yards, and the rebels had thrown some scattering shots at our party, expecting them to run, and so they did, but it happened to be in a direction not calculated upon by the over sanguine chivalry, for there suddenly arose a yell that startled the mountain echoes from the slumber of ages, while from behind trees, rocks, and logs there sprang forth the wild devils of the Fourteenth, rushing on towards them with headlong speed. This unexpected forward movement, completed their dismay, and they turned and ingloriously fled. To some of of them it was all in vain, for there was as little prospect of a negro escaping from a blood hound as there was for all of them to escape from our fleet footed scouts. One more brave than the balance, did turn and attempt to raise his gun and fire, but before he could bring his gun to his shoulder, an ounce ball was lodged in his collar bone, and Kirtly, who had fired the shot, rushed up to the wounded rebel. The man had fallen on his knees, and Kirtly was not exacty prepared to comply with the strange request he made. Indeed it would have puzzled almost any one of the Fourteenth Regiment except brother Webb, to have complied with his requests "Pray for me stranger, pray for me,

for I believe I am killed. Kirtley was *non plussed* and stared at the man in blank amazement. This look was construed by the fear stricken rebel as that of the tiger about to spring upon his prey, and he again yelled out, "see here stranger, I'm shot—now don't kill me, but pray for me, stranger, pray for me." By this time Kirtley began to have some idea of what the fellow wanted, but instead of complying with the poor sinner's request, he coolly informed that individual that he considered him a poor white livered rebellious coward; that he had no time just then to pray for himself, much less for a man on whom he believed the devil had a bill of sale; that he had no intention of killing him, but if he didn't lay still and stop his whining he would knock him on the head, and that would quiet him quicker than praying. By this time the balance of the boys returned with four prisoners, who were compelled to carry the wounded one, much as they might hate the job. The wounded man died in a few days after being brought into camp, and was buried on his native hills, but it will be a long time before the incidents connected with his capture will be forgotten by those who were engaged in it.

About this time an accident happened which for a time threw a gloom over our whole camp. Sergeant Rutherford, of Company B, while making the round of the picket guard on the night of the 19th of July, was hailed by the guard, and neglecting to answer, the brush being thick, and the night dark, it was impossible for the guard to recognize him, and he was fired upon, two balls passing through his body, killing him instantly. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his death was much regretted, but there could be no blame attached to the guard, as we knew not at what moment the enemy might be creeping up to our camp. Rutherford was a citzen of Vincennes, Indiana, and a non-commissioned officer in Captain Wood's Company, the "Old Post Guards."

The rebel prisoners who were taken at Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill, had been released on parole, and sent over the mountains, passing through our camp. Savage looks were cast at them as they stopped to rest in our camp, and there is no doubt but they would have fared roughly, could some of our boys have caught them in some convenient spot, for none of us believed they would regard their parole any longer than they could get a chance to again take up arms against us, and there is but little doubt that we had to fight the same rascals again at Green Brier.

Among the prisoners was a *reverend* gentleman, who, before the rebellion broke out had been principal in some one of the southern colleges. He had laid aside the garb of the church militant and donned that of a military Captain, in the army of the Southern

Confederacy. He was a dark looking specimen of the *genus homo*, and had more the appearance of a captain of a banditti, than that of an humble minister of the gospel of peace. As we stood and looked at this rebellious, fighting christian, we could not help thinking that father Abraham would hesitate long before taking such a questionable minister to his bosom. We felt sure of it when we heard him say that his mission had been one of peace, but that he would sacrifice himself, his wife and children for what the South called their rights. As this was the first time, to our knowledge, that we had seen one of these Knights of Southern Chivaly, we edged up as near as possible without breaking through the knot of our officers who surrounded him, with as much apparent interest as though he had been some rare specimen of zoology just captured in some foreign country, and for the first time on exhibition. His notions of southern rights, was the old story, that of imposition on the part of the north, until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. Had we been permitted, we think we could have given a more satisfactory reason for the rebellion, to-wit: the loss of political power. The reverend captain had a company of his students under his command, and a harder looking set of hang-dog rascals, it has never been the author's misfortune to foregather with. Perhaps a short sketch of their appearance may not be amiss, as it will answer as a general description for all the rebel reprobates which came under the author's observation. Curiosity to see this large squad of rebel prisoners, for there were four hundred of them, had drawn two-thirds of the Regiment down to the road, and there lay the whipped curs, the future nabobs (in prospect) of the Southern plantations, curled up in the corners of the fences, and wearing the expression of culprits at the bar of justice, and like the attorney's clerk, were 'gaunt, thin-legged, hollow-eyed, large knee joints, and feet, modelled after fire shovels," doubled up as though suffering from cramp colic. As a general thing they each wore a round jacket, of all sorts of texture, from fine broadcloth down to the coarsest linsey-woolsey, and of all possible colors, reaching a few inches below the arm-pits, and trousers of the same material, reaching a few inches above the hip bones. The coat and trousers might have once met, but it looked as though the owners had recently taken it into their heads to grow and the shoulders in increasing the distance between them and the hips, had carried the jacket with them. It is a matter of some doubt whether their legs grew or not, if they did it was downward, for they only increased the gap between the jacket and trousers, and had not a pair of stout suspenders connected the upper and lower extremities, it is not certain that

the shoulders might not have left the legs altogether.

It has been a matter of grave controversy between, teachers in regard to the sympathy existing between a boy's head and the extremity of his back bone, one party contending that the most expeditious and successful mode of putting learning into a boy is to commence beating it into his stern. Applying this rule to the Rev. Captain's rebel students, they must have been prodigies of learning, for they were as flat in the rear as a clapboard.

It seemed as if the house mentioned in connection with the last scouting party was destined to be the scene of more than one exploit, and to furnish present employment, at least, for the scouting propensities of the Fourteenth. The house and plantation in question were situated some four miles from the turnpike in a little valley hemmed in by mountains, and was in all respects a very desirable spot for the rebel mountaineers to meet. The surrounding country was also well adapted to the bushwhacking proclivities of our boys, and furthermore, the owner of the plantation was one of the few in that section of country who had anything to eat, beyond the next meal. It was believed, and there was good ground for the belief, that this superabundance was owing, in a great measure, to the odds and ends of the settlement having been brought in and stored there, to feed the rebel bands who waylaid the roads and shot our cavalry from the mountain side. Accordingly, Captain Williamson with Company F was sent out with orders to force the position and break up the nest. Thinking, with much truth, that the enemy should pay the expenses of the war, at least so far as rations were concerned, our scouting party took nothing but sheet iron crackers in their haversacks, intending, and rightly enough too, to forage on the enemy for the balance of their grub during the trip. It is no easy matter to surprise a watchful enemy, and at the same time guard against being surprised yourself. In this case, however, our party succeeded in getting within musket range of the rebels who, however, were on the watch, and gave the alarm, seeing which, our party let loose a volley, raised the war-whoop and dashed in. The rebels had heard that terrific yell once before, and on the same ground. If before that unearthly yell had sent the blood receding to the heart, what must have been its effect on the poor devils now, when its power had been increased three fold. Before the mountain echoes had time to catch up and return the sounds, the affrighted rebels had turned and incontinently fled for the nearest thickets. If fear lent wings to the pursued a desire for revenge for our wounded comrades put springs in the heels of the pursuers. Six of the rebels were cut off in their retreat to the mountains in vain they doubled on their trail—

the Hoosier blood was up, and somebody had to catch it. The six rebels were at length secured, and an adjournment made to the house, for the purpose of inspecting the larder. If our boys would have been satisfied with common rations, what was their delight at the display of "extras" which met their gaze, and their stomachs warmed and filled in view of the gastronomic riches of that rebel den. Honey, milk, butter, maple sugar, young potatoes, bread, chickens, good sweet bacon, and nice fat pigs running about wanting to be killed. We prefer no charges, but there certainly was some sticky substance on the boys beards when they came in, that, to our inexperienced eyes looked exceedingly like honey, and we know that our mess had maple molasses, twice a day for several weeks after. The boys all came safely into camp from this expedition, bringing in as the fruits of their scouting foray six prisoners, several horses, one fine saddle, guns and other property, taken from the rebels in fair fight. But one accident occurred during the expedition, and as it was unforeseen it could not be prevented. Several large fat calves were in the meadow near the house, and either from fright at the hideous yell of the boys, or from excitement produced by the strange scenes going on around them, one of the largest and fattest of the number run his head against a rock (so the boys said) and was killed outright. It was certainly to be lamented that a large fat calf should so far forget its propriety as to commit suicide. Here was a dilemma. The boys were not hungry, and, beside, they had provision enough to last them into camp. They held a consultation and a commendable feeling of economy suggested that it would be proper to dress the calf and carry it to camp, and should the owner of the calf ever be discovered, the proper explanation of the case could be made. It is a well known fact among good cooks, (the author can vouch for this) that veal and and new potatoes properly cooked make a savory dish, whereof an epicure may conscienciously partake, and the author has known a very small piece of veal to season enough new potatoes to make a good dinner for half a dozen hungry officers. It seemed a great pity that good veal should be eaten with dry crackers, and as there were a few potatoes left in the patch, which had escaped the rebel gourmands, and as a possibility existed that hogs might destroy them if left in the ground, the same commendable economy that had suggested the preservation of the veal, also prevailed in regard to the potatoes, and an explanation could also be made at the same time that the case of the calf was being attended to. These explanations are made in order that the public mind may be disabused in regard to a very general and erroneous impression that soldiers are *wasteful*,

and also to free the boys of the Fourteenth from any charge that malicious persons might make of their appropriating the property of rebels to their own use from any motive other than pure economy.

During all the time in which these scenes were occurring the main body of the regiment were hard at work finishing the breastworks, erecting a fort, and otherwise strengthening our position. Continued cold rains had converted our camping ground into one huge mud hole, and Government shoes were but slight protection against wet feet. In fact we were soaking wet two-thirds of the time. The clothing drawn at Camp Vigo, which, at first, was but a poor article began to show signs of decay, and gave unmistakable evidence that jackets and trousers would soon be among "the things that were." Our boys, in scouting among the thickets and rocks, climbing mountains and descending into deep ravines, would some times come into camp with very little left but the waistbands of what had originally been a poor pair of pantaloons. Still there was no flinching—no backing out from the grand object which had brought them from their homes in the beautiful valley of the Wabash to fight the enemies of the Union in the wilds of Western Virginia. In fact their self respect appeared to increase, and their vindictiveness to gain double force as their rags accumulated. A private would be walking along through six inches of mud, with all the dignity of a General of a Brigade; about twelve inches below the small of his back would be discernable a rent in the seat of his inexpressibles six inches by three; dab! would come a pound of black mud, and lo the rent would disappear. The insulted gentleman thus thrown from his propriety would give a sudden start and yell, clap his hand on the spot and look around savage as a meat axe; the grinning faces stuck out from behind tents and rocks would soon convince him that he was sold, and having too much self respect to descend to personal abuse, he would content himself by shaking his natural sledge hammers at the grinning delinquents, and walk off with all the dignity becoming the high station of a private in the Fourteenth. At first it was a matter of astonishment to the author how men could so readily accommodate themselves to circumstances, and appear to be as cheerful and jolly as though engaged in some cheerful pastime. It is true that a large portion of the Fourteenth was composed of men inured to hardships by incessant toil in opening up the rich resources of the fertile lands in the Wabash valley, and cared very little for a wet jacket or a night on the damp ground by the bivouac fires. There were many men, however, in the Regiment who, until now had never pas-

zed a night in the woods, had never slept from under a good roof; or out of a comfortable bed. To see these men as they were taking their four hours relief from guard duty, laying on the wet ground, rolled up in a blanket, the cold drizzling rain of the mountains saturating their scanty covering, and pouring in streams from their uncovered heads, and at the same time sleeping as soundly as if at home and not surrounded by dangers that at any moment might call them up to face death; we say we were at first astonished that men could in so short a time adapt themselves to circumstances so very different from those to which they had heretofore been accustomed. But what will not a clear conscience and the knowledge that one is doing his duty do for a man? We have stood and watched these men by the hour, when the camp would be sank to slumber, and naught would be heard but the heavy breathing of the sleepers, and the measured tread of the sentinel on his beat, and wondered at the strong love of country which had induced them to leave comfortable and lucrative situations for a life of danger and hardships, in such a wild and God forsaken country as the mountain regions of Western Virginia. One night as we were thus employed in whiling away an hour among the sleeping guards who were off duty, and lay scattered over the ground with the heavy dews settling upon their exposed, uncovered heads, we endeavored to solve the question in our own mind, as to whether it was possible for pleasant dreams to visit men in such uncomfortable quarters, when one of the sleepers moved, and we heard from his unconscious lips the words "dear Maggie!" Ah! young man, the question was solved sooner than your old friend expected, and with it too was solved that other problem as to how you could so readily adapt yourself to the untoward circumstances by which you were surrounded. A vision of a fairy form with a sweet smiling face had come to the weary sleeper, and "dear Maggie" although hundreds of miles distant, had been present with the slumbering soldier, and what mattered it to him whether he was sleeping on the damp ground with his locks wet with the dews af night, or luxuriously reposing in a palace. Do not be uneasy my young friend; the old man is not going to mention your name, for he knows you well, and knows you are none the less a good soldier for having pleasant dreams of home and friends.

It must not be supposed that our scouting parties did not sometimes return empty handed. Their recklessness and apparently utter contempt for danger, would sometimes get them into tight places, but the same recklessness generally brought them off with flying colors. This contempt for danger would occasionally lead to rather serious consequences for some of our boys, but we have yet to hear

of any one instance where they did not prove themselves equal to the emergency of the occasion. How men who had been raised from infancy to manhood on the plains of the west could so readily become accustomed to a mountainous country, and beat the mountaineers on their own ground, is a question we have not time at present to discuss, but that they did it, is a fact which stands out in bold relief, and the penning of a volume could not establish the fact in a clearer light than it is already established by their bravery and superior intelligence.

In illustration of their devil-may-care contempt of danger we will give the following account of a scouting expedition under the command of Lieutenants Lyman and Tremelin of Company D, Captain Cavins. The dead wood some four miles in our front was usually occupied by one of our companies, in regular turns of twenty-four hours duty as an advanced picket, and here the rebel scouts were pretty sure to find us, and what was about equally as sure would return to their camp, with their mess numbering one or two less. On the present occasion, our two Lieutenants, with Co. D, occupied the dead-wood as an advance picket, and in order to guard against a surprise, had sent forward two scouts to watch any advance of the rebels. After going a sufficient distance, our two scouts snugly ensconced themselves by the side of the road, and the first they discovered of the enemy was to find themselves completely cut off from a return to their comrades at the dead-wood. They had this advantage, however, they had discovered the enemy, without having been themselves discovered. That our two scouts lay about as still as men usually do who expect to be shot the moment they stir, is not to be doubted. Either from the long absence of the scouts or from other causes our two officers began to suspect there was something wrong ahead, and Lieutenant Lyman with fifteen men went to reconnoiter. On turning a short bend in the road they came full upon at least four hundred of the rebels, and the Lieutenant in casting his eyes to the right and left of the road, discovered at a glance that the enemy occupied the woods on both sides. To have wheeled and run, would have been sure death or capture, as the enemy were within fifty yards of them. A bold and reckless daring would make their situation no worse, and it might induce the enemy to think that they had some strong backing close at hand. The Lieutenant and his men were not slow or unwilling to act upon this idea, so bringing their muskets to a charge they dashed up without stopping to count noses, as if about to charge into the rebel ranks. This movement so disconcerted the enemy that they appeared to be at a loss whether to run or stand the supposed charge of our little squad and our boys actually rushed up to

within less than fifteen paces of them, before the astonished rebels had made up their minds to give them a volley, and then it was given in so much haste and trepidation, and with such a wavering of the guns from a true line, that the bullets whistled harmlessly over the heads of our boys, or tore up the gravel at their feet, doing no other damage than tearing a button from the coat of one of the Sergeants of the little squad. The Lt. and his men delivered their fire with so much coolness and deliberation that five of the enemy were brought down, and it was afterwards understood from rebel prisoners that ten turned up missing from the rebel ranks, from the effects of that one discharge from the muskets of our men.

Our squad rapidly retreated after firing, and was soon hidden from view by the bend in the road, and could hear the rebel commander calling loudly on his cavalry to come up and ride them down. The cavalry would not come, thinking, no doubt, as our party intended they should, that the whole thing was a stratagem to draw them into an ambuscade.

This little brush had the effect of drawing out nearly one half of the Regiment, in hopes of getting a fair dash at the enemy with something like equal numbers, but the rebels had wisely retreated, taking with them their dead and wounded, having a decided objection to putting themselves in the way of getting badly stung by the "yellow jackets" of the Fourteenth.

In the meantime the scouts who had not been able to join their comrades, took advantage of the melee and got back into the mountains unseen by the rebels, where they wandered for four days, living on black berries alone, managing, at last, to return into camp, where they instantly became the center of a large crowd, to whom they related their adventures "by flood and field," and have ever since been looked upon as heroes by their comrades.

While detailed parties are working on the fort, we will follow our friend Capt. Coons, of Company G, who with one hundred men including some of Capt. Bracken's Cavalry was off on a scout in the direction of the rebel camp. We know from experience that it is a serious thing for a man, and especially a soldier to lose a good dinner, but we feel certain that the Captain and his men will forgive us for indulging in a little humor which the occasion furnishes us, knowing at the same time, that the Captain is not one to let a joke slip for the want of telling. And besides, we have another scouting expedition to relate, in which the Captain was concerned, which was no joke. We can do no better than to give the account as it was published at the time in the Daily Wabash *Express*, of Terre-Haute.

We had been in the habit of sending out scouting parties without any thing to eat except hard sea crackers in their haversacks. Capt. Coon was thus sent out with about one hundred men, together with a few of Capt. Bracken's dragoons, to scour the road in front and give notice of the approach of the enemy. After proceeding some twenty miles, they came to a deserted farm house and mill, and concluded to camp for the night. In the morning, by some *hocus-pocus*, known only to hungry soldiers, a nice fat, tender beef found its way to the quarters, and stranger still, it was all ready for cooking! Nobody could give any account of how it got there; from spots of blood on the clothes of some of the boys, it was shrewdly surmised that they could have unravelled the mystery, had they been so disposed. Young potatoes came rolling into the house apparently without human agency; pans, pots, and kettles, came into requisition: "two dollars a day and roast beef," was the password, and the boys leaned back and shut their eyes while a pleasant smile pervaded their countenance at the anticipation of a dinner fit for a Prince. In the meantime the pickets were thrown out, and dragoons were away over the hill towards the rebel camp, while some of the boys set the mill to work grinding their own meal out of "Secher" corn. All things appeared to be going off smoothly and nice; the beef and potatoes "sizzled" in the pot as loving as a new married couple in the honey moon; they were going to have a good dinner; they were contented, and therefore happy. Dr. Fritts was stirring up the compound, and giving a learned dissertation on the healthy properties of beef and potatoes, which appeared to be highly satisfactory to the company present. But hark! the pickets are coming in on the run—the dragoons come thundering down the road; the bright bayonets of the enemy are seen over the crest of the hill, one company of rebel cavalry rising into view, and one company on either flank closing in so as to surround our boys and cut them off; one lingering look at the pots, one sigh of regret at the loss of such a dinner, and muskets were seized, and "double quick" substituted for beef and potatoes. "What a fall was there, O my countrymen!" The rebels were four hundred strong but our men got off without injury.—Not so with the enemy. On comparing notes it was found that one of our dragoons had lost his hat. Wm. E. Wilson of Captain Bracken's dragoons was highly incensed at the loss of a good dinner, and declared he would recover that hat or lose his life; and forthwith rode full tilt at three of the rebel cavalry, put them to flight, killing their officer and returned in triumph with the hat.—It was a brave and daring act, and such an one as will sometimes happen, but oftener fail.

Small parties of the rebels were constantly annoying our advance pickets at the dead wood, by getting on the mountain and rolling rocks down to where they supposed our men were stationed. With a view to break up this system of annoyance and at the same time to bag the offenders, Lieuts. Taylor and Williams, with twenty men from company F. were sent out to ambush the road some distance in advance of the dead wood. They proceeded until they found what they considered a favorable spot for operations and then divided their little force into two equal divisions, taking up their different positions so as to allow a distance of two hundred yards between the advance and rear squads.—Ensconsing themselves snugly in the thickets by the road side, they patiently waited for the appearance of "Sesher." It was understood by the two Lieutenants that should twenty of the rebels come along they should be allowed to walk into the trap unmolested, by the advanced squad; but, if more than twenty appeared, then the advance was to fire and fall back to the rear. Our boys had not remained long in what appeared to them a very inactive way of carrying on the war, when a "secesh" Captain came riding along, armed with sword and shot gun, apparently full of wrath and apple jack, having in charge a wagon and two horses, driven by a man and boy, with the intention, no doubt, of appropriating such "Yankee plunder" as he could conveniently come at, to the use of the rebel camp." Whether the gallant Captain had mistaken his road, as he avered, or considered his war-like appearance sufficient to strike terror into any small squad of "cussed Yankees," is a matter which we leave that redoubtable gentleman to settle in his own mind, while in durance at Columbus, as it was sufficient for our purpose that the Captain and his escort walked into the trap, and, much to his astonishment, found himself closed up, in front and rear. "Who are you?" says sesher. "Union troops," said we, and the rubicond visage of the Captain turned pale as "the last rose of summer." "I think," said our Lieutenant, "that seeing you are a stranger, we'll take you in out of the wet," and so the Captain that went out to gather wool was closely shorn, and sent to Columbus, Ohio, to mourn over the vicissitudes of war, and the uncertainty of human calculations, those of "sesher" Captain's in particular.

Just here we might as well give the following incident which was related to us in substance by one of the commission sent out to make up the late election returns of Western Virginia. The story goes to show that a Hoosier soldier always sleeps with one eye open in an enemy's country. It appears that last summer some one of the Indiana regiments was compelled to leave one of their number at the

town of W——, on account of inability to travel at the time being.—His name was R——, and he was left at a good Union house, with instructions to join the Regiment as soon as he was able to travel. There was at that time, a good many "secesh" at W——, and R—— chafed under the wicked and malicious glances which were daily hurled at him from under pent eye-brows, but the tongues of the rebels were kept silent from fear. R——'s next door neighbor was a choleric old rebel by the name of Sudds, and something in his manners convinced R—— that the old sinner intended mischief, so he thought it would do no harm for him to keep one eye on the old rascal, without letting him know that he was suspected. The weather was warm, and R—— was in the habit of taking a chair and sitting under a shade tree in the garden, with a book, in order to while away the tedious hours until able to join his companions in arms. The earth was soft, and R—— had laid a plank under the tree, to prevent the legs of his chair from running into the ground, and also to keep his feet from the damp earth.—There was no partition fence between the gardens, and R——'s shade tree was close to Sudd's line. Now, Sudds was very frequently to be seen in his own garden while our hero would be reading under what, for the time being, was his own shade tree. R—— did not fail to observe that in his absence old Sudds would work close up to the line, and was making himself particularly busy as if preparing the ground to plant or sow garden seeds, and so it turned out, for one morning after the heavy dew had dried off R—— discovered Sudds drilling in what he supposed at the time to be turnip or onion seeds, but his suspicion was aroused when he saw the old scamp quickly raise the plank—slip something under it, and then as quickly go on with his drilling, apparently intent only on raising vegetables for his own rebellious stomach. As soon as old Sudds left the garden R—— sallied out to investigate, and raising the plank, found a small canister of "Dupont's best" underneath, and a respectable train of the ignitable turnip seed running out to the centre of old Sudds' garden. The abominable old sinner had conceived the diabolical idea of blowing R—— up, and had actually prepared to carry out his intentions on the peace and well being of one of Uncle Sams' supporters. For a moment R—— was horrified; another moment and he determined to turn the tables on old Sudds, and make him his own executioner, and blow him up with his own petard. With R——, to think, was to execute. He had plenty of powder, and it took him but a moment to ascertain that old Sudds had gone down to the groggery to fortify himself with a double allowance of applejack for carrying out his murderous intentions.

Hastily removing the cannister of powder to the other end of the train but at a sufficient distance not to ignite, and as near as possible to the spot where he supposed old Sudds would locate himself to secretly touch off the magazine. R—— continued the train of powder around until he connected it with the cannister, which was hid under a slight covering of earth. In order to make the matter doubly sure, R—— added to the train laid by Sudds, a considerable quantity of powder, and then taking his book, quietly sat down in his accustomed place, in the shade, and immediately over the spot where Sudds would naturally suppose his petard to be. It must be remembered that it took R—— less time to effect the changes in the old rebels original plans, than it takes us to tell the tale. It may also be imagined that R—— did not understand much of the author's meaning in the book before him, or catch the ideas, however smoothly they may have flown from his pen. Old Sudds however, did not keep R—— waiting very long, being spurred on by the devil and two or three extra drams of applejack; the old "cass" soon hove in sight, and spied R—— sitting quietly in the precise spot where he wanted him. He walked leisurely into the garden as if going to work. R—— watched him out of the corner of his eye, which he always kept open, and saw the old fellow march slowly to the end of his train and as luck would have it, squat down right over the spot where the cannister was concealed, draw a match secretly from his pocket, ignite it, and touch the powder. Away went the fire in the direction of R——, and old Sudds was secretly congratulating himself on the success of his ingenuity and hoping to have the pleasure of seeing a Union soldier hoisted into the air without being aware of the cause. The old reprobate's astonishment can more readily be imagined than described when the fiery stream instead of going straight to R—— took a "circumbendibus" and appeared to be working on the back action principle, with the decided intention of pitching into its inventor. The old rapscallion endeavored to get out of the way, but too late. The train had been carefully laid, and when ignited "Dupont's best" was not to be baulked by dodging; somebody had to "go up," and as a matter of course that somebody was old Sudds. Oh! shade of Dupont, we would have given our breeches, (and we had but one pair) to have seen that old rebel as he described a parabola in the air, the base of the semicircle being about fifteen feet. Sudds having gone up, the law of gravitation required that he should come down, which he did on a pile of garden manure, which considerably lessened the force of his fall. Our informant said that old Sudds was a long time under the doctor's hands, and that "Sloan's Ointment" was in

such demand that the druggist at W—— sold it at an advance of ten per cent on the usual price. He also said that about four weeks after Sudds was able to sit up by having a pillow under him, but was very nervous at the sound of a gun, and had forbidden gunpowder to be mentioned in his presence. The most remarkable part of this incident is, that R—— suddenly found himself able to join his Regiment, and his Union friend took him fifteen miles that night in his buggy, and he says that R—— walked off as spry as though he had never been injured which he thinks is a very remarkable instance of sudden recovery.

We cannot omit to mention a scouting expedition which went out under command of Lieutenant, (now Captain) Willard of the "Crescent City Guards," which goes to show that quick decision and prompt action, in time of war at least, are required to get men out of tight places. The enemy had for some been trying to imitate our scouts in strategems, such as laying plans to entrap them between two fires, cut off the successful retreat of our scouts back to camp, &c, &c., but they had not as yet met with any success in that line, but it required constant vigilance on our part to detect their tricks, and we not unfrequently turned their strategems into dead-falls for their own necks. We had not seen any of them for several days, and this absence on their part gave rise to a suspicion that they were planning some devilment that it was highly important that we should know something about. Accordingly Lieutenant Willard was sent out with his company to ascertain what they were about, and if necessary to render them such assistance as their circumstances might seem to demand. The party had proceeded some miles when the Lieutenant discovered fresh tracks turning off on a bye path which looked rather suspicious at the time, but he finally concluded to go on a little further, and ascertain how things looked ahead. He had not proceeded far before he discovered a party of the rebel Cavalry ahead, and at a very tempting distance to make him wish for a little closer acquaintance. The boys were anxious to advance and engage, and so was the Lieutenant, but putting the fact of the fresh tracks behind and the Cavalry in front together, it occurred to him that it might be wisdom to fall back beyond where the tracks were seen to turn off into the woods.

This movement showed the wisdom of the Lieutenant's calculations, for the party had not followed the back track five minutes before they came full upon a party of the enemy, equal in number to their own. Here was a pickle, and sour as it might be, the Lieutenant determined to eat it. Not being prepared to swallow it in detail, he determined to bolt it, in bulk.—There was no time to spare, as the

cavalry behind, were, in all likelihood, ready to charge as soon as he should be engaged with the enemy in front. So, hitching up his breeches and throwing out his quid of tobacco, he gave the command to fire and charge. The boys raised the "Hoosier yell" which was generally the prelude to the rebels of "Hark from the tombs"—gave them a volley and rushed on to the charge. This was a little more than the rebels had bargained for, and considering "discretion the better part of valor," and acting upon the suggestion of the poet that—

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day,"

they dove into the laurel thickets, leaving one of their number behind, as a witness to the same poet's truthfulness that—

> "He who is in battle slain,
> Will never live to fight again."

The dead "sesher" was left as food for the mountain foxes, and the boys returned to camp with an appetite that walked into the sheet iron crackers like a saw mill. It is but justice to add that a part of the same company went out a few days afterwards and emptied two saddles, bringing off the two cavalry horses and the gun of the "sesher" who had fallen a day or two before, in the face of the enemy's pickets.

It was now well into the month of August, and the cold driving rains began to tell on the constitutions of the boys, and many of them began to suffer from camp fever and inflammatory rheumatism. Our little wedge tents were poor things at first, but they were now attacked by mildew and gave unmistakable evidence of speedy decay, affording but poor protection against the fierce mountain blasts which drove the rain through them, as though they had been musquito bars. The consequence was, that we were wet night and day for a week at a time, and then it would clear off long enough to dry our clothes, but soon the storm would be down upon us again with renewed fury. It was cold too, in these mountain regions, and the author, with many others, has often been compelled to heat flat rocks by the camp fires in dog days, and place them at their feet, in order to obtain any thing like a comfortable night's rest. This will not seem surprising when we take into consideration the fact that we had snow on Cheat Mountain, on the 13th of August. What do you say to that, ye drinkers of Patrick's soda water, and eaters of Scudder's ice creams? Ha, ha, only think what crowds of customers would have thronged the counters of the above named gentlemen, could some one of the gallant Fourteenth have stepped in during the dog days with his blanket strapped around him, his breeches having been left hanging in strips on the laurel thick-

ets of Cheat Mountain as a warning to the rebels to keep out of gun shot; his old faded hat slouched down to the shoulder on one side, and cocked up on the other, that his eye might have an uninterrupted range along the barrel of his musket; his feet exposed to the weather by numerous rents in the fronts of his shoes, through which the toes seemed to be looking for that protection which were denied them by "Uncle Sam," and the small balance of the leather having such a twist as to give the wearer the appearance of being club-footed.—Imagine such a specimen hailing the spruce looking clerk behind the counter and coolly ordering two glasses of soda, or two dishes of ice cream for himself and friend. We rather think the presence of such a customer at the counter, would have drawn more patronage to the establishment than columns of newspaper puffs and advertisements. And, furthermore, we are of the opinion that the volunteer of the Fourteenth would, in a few minutes have come out in a new rig, and been able to pay his devoirs to the ladies who had so bountifully furnished him with pies, cakes and other christian eatables while at Camp Vigo.

Our advance pickets still continued to occupy the dead wood. Our strong redoubt was finished, and the cannon placed in position, their brazen muzzles threatening every approach to the camp, and we began to have a feeling of security against surprise, to which we had been strangers for weeks.—Both parties appeared to be resting or gathering up their energies for a mighty effort which should decide the fate of one or the other, as to the occupation of that portion of Western Virginia. Skirmishing between the opposing scouting parties had almost, or entirely ceased; a lull such as precedes the hurricane, seemed to hang over the camp, and made the monotony of our quarters almost painful.

The boys, however, took advantage of this apparent inactivity to repair their quarters and many queer looking domicils sprang up, which seemed to bid defiance to any known rules of architecture. Who ever knew a regiment of Hoosier volunteers to be long in camp, without finding out some kind of amusement to while away the tedious hours when off duty! We never knew one, and if any one does, all we can say is, that the boys of the Fourteenth did not form the exception. At night they gathered in knots around the camp fires, and "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" and many other songs would be mixed up with "Dixie land," with a roar that would seem enough to shake old Cheat to its very foundation. To be sure some of the singers had no more music in them than a mule, but then they made up in energy what they lacked in harmony, and this zeal on

their part passed muster as a substitute for a cultivated voice.

This species of amusement made too much noise, and was accordingly done away with, and gave place to debating societies. Shade of Demosthenes, what figures and flourishes of rhetoric, what, garnished phrases and rounded periods. What—what—what—but we 'acknowledge the corn,' and freely admit that we are unable to do justice to this particular branch of the amusements, and therefore ask pardon of the boys of the Fourteenth for having failed. Suffice it to say that the goddess of Liberty was made to straddle from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and we doubt not but the stride was extended, but here the writer's knowledge of the English language failed, and the argument was finished in Dutch, of which the author, and perhaps the reader, has no knowledge.

In order to vary the amusement a class in Geography was started by some enterprising soldier, but of this we had but a passing glance. From one or two questions, however, which by chance, we heard propounded, and answered, we doubt not that it tended greatly to increase the hilarity of the season, viz:

"In what part of the world is the United States of America situated?"

"In Indiana and Ohio."

"How is the United States bounded?"

"It is bounded on the South-East by Cheat-Mountain and the Fourteenth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers; on the South and West by several Regiments from the same State, and we defy all creation to get into them."

"What are the chief productions of the United States?"

"Indiana and Ohio soldiers."

"In what part of China is Pekin situated?"

"In Shanghai! Confound you, do you think that nobody knows anything but yourself?"

We heard no more, but left fully satisfied that the Geography class would sustain itself with credit.

It must not be supposed that these amusements were carried on to the exclusion of the more solid and rational enjoyments which are to be found in camp life. There were Prayer Meetings, and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence to hear the song of praise and thanksgiving floating out on the evening air, carrying the hearer back in imagination to old familiar scenes, until he could almost fancy he was once more at his home in the beautiful Western village, sitting in the old meeting house, surrounded by family and friends, expecting every moment to see the familiar face of his old Pastor in the pulpit, and almost hear him commence giving out the opening hymn.

We have now reached a point in the campaign of the Fourteenth where we confess ourself regularly bothered-

We mean the battle of Cheat Mountain. It is easy enough to say that we gained a splendid victory, but when we consider the difference in numbers of the opposing forces, it is not so easy to describe how that victory was gained. We know not what public opinion may be on this matter, but the author's private opinion is, that the battle in question, was gained by hard fighting on the part of the Fourteenth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. Hard as the task may be to do any thing like justice in a description of the battle on the 12th of September, 1861, how much harder must it have been for the little band of three hundred "Hoosiers" who, for eight hours, withstood twenty-five hundred rebels, and finally succeeded in routing them. But the "fire of Freedom" and the love of the glorious Old Union as our Fathers gave it to us, doubly nerved the iron arm of the "Hoosier soldier" and the victory was ours, in honor of which we here introduce the following song which was composed for this little volume:

THE OLD UNION FOREVER.

BY ISAAC M. BROWN.

AIR—*Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.*

"Throughout the East and through the West,
"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"
Brave millions long our UNION blest,
"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

"To overwhelm our Country's Foes
"The Fire of Freedom brightly glows,
"And o'er the land its radiance throws!
"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

With *Hoosiers* brave and arms of steel,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our Country's Foes will be made to feel,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Freemen's Rights and Freemen's Laws,
While 'round the neck the halter draws,
The *serpent coils* and *pelican claws!*
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

SCOTT and MCCLELLAN, with Patriots true,
Hurrah, Hurrah, hurrah!
Will give DAVIS and Company cause to rue,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The day they conceived the awful sin
Of battering the walls of Sumter in,
And tramping the Flag with demon's grin!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The traitorous crew no stand will make,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
When their line of battle we shall break,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
DAVIS and STEPHENS may ope their eyes,
Freemen's shouts will rend the skies,
When the "*New Jerusalem*" to flinders flies!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

You Compromise men a warning take,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
For the cause of Freedom you ne'er can *stake!*
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
BEAUREGARD and WISE, and you jockey crew,
Must yield the palm to ABRAHAM true,
And on your knees for safety sue!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

HALLECK and GRANT commanding in the West,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
With boats of iron and a cause that's blest,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Will sweep the rebels fore and aft,
And sink the rotten Secession Craft,
And burn the "*New Jerusalem*" *Draft!*
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Then shout and sing, ye Patriots brave,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Who raise your arms Our Cause to save;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
A Band of Brothers we shall be—
Guardians of Right and Liberty—
UNION FOREVER—PURE AND FREE!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

TERRE-HAUTE, IND., January, 1862.

On Wednesday, September 11th 1861, at 10 o'clock at night, Captain Coons was ordered to take sixty scouts and proceed to the Rozencranz farm by a path across the mountain, in the direction of Col. Wagner's camp. The Captain started with his scouts, and here we take leave of him, until he is wanted again in the course of our narrative. The out lying pickets were stretched for a mile around the camp, the police guard was set, the officer of the guard had made his rounds, and all was well. Away to the north-east there was rising a storm which we well knew would be on us before morning, and the boys in camp sunk down to rest with a sigh, as they thought of the picket guard being exposed to all its fury, with no shelter but such as was afforded by the rocks and thickets of the mountains. At two o'clock on Thursday morning the rebel spy as he cautiously peeped over our breastworks, beheld, what to him must have been an interesting scene.* The fury of the storm had driven the camp guard to seek shelter behind rocks and logs, or anything else which could shelter them from the driving wind and rain, with no thought that anything human would be abroad on such a night. But human calculations are often based on present comfort, without considering that there may be others seeking for a different result, for, notwithstanding the storm of that night, twenty-five hundred of the enemy had worked their way during its driving fury, through the out pickets of our camp, and were lying in ambush, but a short half mile in our rear. There lay the camp on Cheat Mountain summit, and spread out on the slopes were the tents of full three thousand Union soldiers who were at that moment under their shelter, snoring away in all the fancied security of men who expected to wake up in the morning with a whole skin and an appetite that would astonish the commissary department.

We can imagine the grin of delight that distorted the countenance of the rebel spy as he noted all these circumstances in our camp, and knew at the same time that there were two thousand of his rebel companions lying on their arms on our right flank, and three thousand more in front, ready to pounce upon us the moment the

*It was said, by the rebel prisoners, but with how much truth we do not know, that their spies actually looked over our breastworks that night, during the storm.

twenty-five hundred in our rear should charge into our camp. Why this charge was not made on our rear, at a time when there was some prospect of being successful in surprising us, is a matter better understood by the rebels themselves. It was enough that we understood our own position pretty early next morning, and were not slow in taking measures to defeat the designs of the rebels. Early on Thursday morning there had been four teams started by Commissary Buntin to Huttonville for provisions, which were soon followed by the wagon master, and as the storm had ceased, Capt. Williamson and Lieut. Williams with about thirty of the privates and non-commissioned officers of Company F, started in the same direction to fire off their guns, as it was thought the charges had become damp during the night's storm. The wagon master had not proceeded more than half a mile before he discovered that the teams were in the hands of strange looking men, and having an idea that something was wrong, wheeled about and started for camp, in order to give the alarm. On his way he met Capt. Williamson and Company F, to whom he related the suspicious circumstances ahead. The boys began to turn up their old slouched hats in front and their rags fairly quivered in the morning breeze, as they settled themselves like tigers for a spring. We heard the "Hoosier yell" as it rolled up the mountain into camp, mingled with the rapid discharge of musketry, and we are willing to stake our veracity that three minutes had not elapsed before the Fourteenth were under arms and receiving instructions from the field officers. Company F, had suddenly discovered the enemy, and without stopping to count noses, had attacked five hundred of them, on the side of the mountain, and were driving them into the road, the enemy leaving their dead and throwing away their blankets, knapsacks, and haversacks of provisions, and in many instances their guns. Capt. Brooks, with Company C, was immediately dispatched to the assistance of Company F, and with hearty good will took the rebels on the wing as they entered the road. In a conversation with the Colonel a few days before the battle, he intimated that it was against orders to give such horrible yells in time of an engagement, but that he was singularly deaf on such occasions, as far as the yelling was concerned, but that he could hear everything else well enough, and that it certainly must be a curious arrangement of the organs of hearing. Almost any one would have been of the Colonel's opinion could they have seen him at this juncture, rushing down to the scene of battle at full speed swinging his hat in the air, and roaring out "hurrah for Indiana! trail them boys! trail them!" with a voice that would have aroused the seven sleepers had they been so devoid of taste as to have taken up their long

snooze on Cheat Mountain. We feel certain that the Colonel will forgive us for mentioning this little circumstance, as it is well known that he never neglects an opportunity of getting himself into a fight with the rebels.

This part of the enemies' force were composed of Arkansas and Va. troops under Col. Kent, and formed the left wing of the force in our rear. In the meantime Lieutenant Green, with part of Company B, and one Ohio company had been dispatched three miles down the pike, and had attacked the right under General Anderson, three thousand strong. Capt. Martin with Company H, and Lieut. Lindsey with Company I, and twenty men of Company B, Capt. Woods, were pushed on at "double quick" to Lieut. Green's assistance, and deployed right and left, leaving Capt. Martin's company in the road, while company A, Capt. Foote, with one Ohio company went two miles up Cheat river, where they encountered a column of Arkansas troops, recaptured two of our wagoners, and killed one of the enemy. Major Harrow of the Fourteenth had command of the small force which attacked Gen. Anderson's right wing, and so the battle went on, over a large tract of territory, mostly on the bush-whacking principle, as the formation of the ground would admit of no other.

Early in the morning, a large rebel force had attacked and driven in the "Crescent City Guards," who had held the dead wood during the night, three miles in front of our camp, killing Lieut. Juneau and one private, and now were showing themselves on the mountain, in front, prepared to pounce down on us as soon as their force in our rear should drive in our pickets from that direction. No doubt they were much amazed to see us fully prepared for them in front, and secretly wondered at the non appearance of their surprise party in our rear. Little did they think that at the same time, less than three hundred Hoosiers were trimming up that surprise party in beautiful style, and had already sent over one hundred of them to "kingdom come." It appeared from information gained after the battle, that the two thousand rebels on our right flank were to form a junction with those in our rear, and come in upon us on the right and rear at the same time. This junction was never made between the two rebel divisions. It was prevented by one of these unforeseen occurrences which go far to prove the truth of the poets assertion that

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
An gang aglee."

And now we want to hear from Capt. Coons and his sixty scouts, in order to complete the history of that day's work of the Fourteenth on Cheat Mountain, and shall give an account of the expedition as nearly in the

Captain's own words as we can, reserving to ourselves simply the position of narrator. The Captain with the sixty scouts moved on the Staunton pike at ten o'clock at night, on the night before the battle to a point where the path leads off from the pike, when he found it impassible to proceed further on account of the extreme darkness. He then halted until morning, and proceeded to the Rozencranz farm, which he found deserted, and immediately sent out his scouts to reconnoiter. They returned and reported that they had seen where Cavalry had moved along the path across the mountain, towards Wagner's camp, which was three miles distant. Five scouts were then sent out to follow the trail and investigate its character. They proceeded across a meadow about one hundred yards wide, and up the mountain, about fifty yards, into the woods, when they were fired upon by thirty of the enemy from an ambush, and four of them severely wounded. The Captain immediately moved forward "double quick" across the meadow to the rescue of his men, and was entering the wood, when the enemy opened fire on them with at least five hundred guns. Our men returned the fire and fell back about fifty yards to a creek where they took up a position behind a bank of the creek, and the fight commenced. The enemy tried to form a line in the edge of the woods, but our boys shot them down so fast when they made their appearance, that at last they refused to come to the scratch. The enemy then commenced a flank movement on the right and left of our force, which their greatly superior numbers enabled them to do with considerable success. But their plan was frustrated by our boys again falling back and taking position behind some fallen timber, where they waited for another attack, and this time the enemy came on with a rush that seemed to indicate a determination on their part to take our little squad by storm. Our boys waited until they got within thirty yards of them, and then gave them a "Bunker Hill" reception, which sent them to the right about. The Captain maintained his position until the enemy commenced another flank movement, when he slowly withdrew his men up the mountain towards camp. The Captain's troubles were not yet over. He had proceeded to within about five miles of camp, when it was discovered that the mountain was covered with the enemy, and here he learned for the first time that Col. Kimball had been attacked. Having called his men together he informed them that in all probability there were three or four thousand rebels between them and their camp; that for his part he was resolved to die rather than become a prisoner, and called upon all those who were willing to cut their way through to camp to say "aye." A unanimous

response was given and the tone, and looks of the men, boded no good to those who should stand in their way. The men were then deployed up the side of the mountain in good skirmishing order, and soon encountered the enemy. This was the force on our right flank which was to form a junction with the enemy in our rear. Our boys poured in three volleys in quick succession, and the enemy thinking probably that Wagner's whole force had come up on their rear, broke and fled in all directions, leaving the General's horse, and the Colonel's saddle mule, and two likely "contrabands" behind, and five dead "seshers," whose lease of life had run out through a hole in the head, thus settling forever the question of their becoming proprietors of cotton plantations in the Southern Confederacy. This force on our right flank was commanded by Andrew J. Donelson of Tennessee and consisted of about three thousand Tennessee and Arkansas troops, a part of which had been fighting Captain Coons and his little squad all the morning.

The rout of the enemy was now complete, both in our rear and on the right flank. Some two thousand blankets, great coats, knapsacks, guns and pistols were left in the woods by the enemy, and over one hundred of their dead were found and buried by our men on Cheat Mountain. Of the execution done by Captain Coons and his little band of scouts among the enemy, our readers can form a pretty correct estimate when we tell them that on the next day, the second Union Regiment of Virginia found sixty-one dead rebels on the field where the Captain and his men made their two stands, and repulsed such superior numbers with signal bravery and success. The Captain had six men wounded, two of whom we believe are still missing. We saw this gallant officer when he came into camp, having the appearance of a man who had very recently escaped from a very tight place, and having good and sufficient reasons for considering this a hard world, from the extreme difficulty he had encountered in squeezing through it.

No man can be called breechless who has half a pair of breeches hanging to his nether extremities, and we can testify that in a few minutes after his arrival in camp, Captain C. had on a whole pair of breeches which bore a striking resemblance to those usually worn by our Colonel.

There was no casualty which occurred during this day's fighting that called for so many vows of vengeance, from the men of the Fourteenth, as did the murder of poor John Templeton, of Company D., Captain Cavins. He had been slightly wounded and taken prisoner by the rebels early in the day. Not being able to keep up with them in their retreat, he was knocked

down and a bayonet thrust through his head. He was still breathing when our men came up, and his murderer was not yet out of gun shot; in an instant five muskets were leveled, five streams of fire rolled from their muzzles, and the murderer of John Templeton fell with five balls through his body. The Fourteenth took no more prisoners that day.

Our loss in this battle amounted to three killed, seven wounded and two missing. Considering the great numbers of the enemy and the small number of our force actually engaged, it is a matter of astonishment that we lost no more in the engagement. Why the enemy did not attack us at a time when they could have done so to advantage, is a matter we cannot account for, unless it be on the supposition that they were out in the cold storm all night, which may, to some extent, have rendered their guns unfit for immediate use in the morning. Still, if they could have kept their thieving fingers from our wagons, and rushed on to our camp, they would have given us considerable trouble, and in all probability been the cause of bringing on an attack in our front; but they never would have succeeded in taking our camp.

That they intended to surprise us may be inferred from the answer of one of their officers who was taken prisoner early in the morning. When asked if he had been to breakfast, he answered—"No, we had expected to eat your breakfast." He was told that he could still eat breakfast with us, but under different circumstances, perhaps, than those he had anticipated, and not to let the *difference* spoil his appetite.

There are one or two incidents connected with this day's fighting which go to show the readiness with which our men resort to expedients to free themselves from danger or difficulty.

A man named Jordan had been discharged from one of our companies on account of sickness, and availed himself of the opportunity of riding a few miles towards home by taking passage in the wagons which had started to Huttonville for supplies, early on the morning of the battle, and as a matter of course was taken prisoner with the wagoners. As a rebel officer was putting questions in a rapid manner as to the number in our camp, and Jordan was answering him, that we had at least ten thousand men, there came a musket ball and ripped open the rebel officer's coat, giving that gentleman a gentle hint that some one of the rugged "Hoosiers" had his eye on him. So at least the officer seemed to think, for hastily giving instructions to one of his men to take charge of the prisoner, he moved off "double quick," but had gone but a short distance before another volley turned him up a dead "sesher." "Now," said Jordan to his guard, "these mad Hoosiers are coming up, and will kill us both, and then apologise to me afterwards, for

not making an exception in my favor. Let us hide behind this log, and by laying close they wont see us." No sooner said than done. Jordan and his guard were behind the log—Jordan exhorting the fellow to make himself as small as possible, especially his head, as the Fourteenth were notorious for hitting the head.

Jordan coiled himself down by the side of his guard, but took the opportunity to hold his old regulation hat over the log, knowing that our boys would recognise it, and act accordingly. It was not long before the old yellow hat of the Fourteenth caught the eyes of F. H. Spicer and Bill Snedecker of Company F, who, charging over the log, captured the rebel, and relieved Jordan, who had the unspeakable satisfaction of exchanging situations with his guard, and escorting him into camp.

The following incident which occurred on the same day, will compare favorably with the above, and although the hero had a dash of the blood of "Pocahontas" coursing through his veins, the story will lose none of its interest on that account. We have forgotten his name, but he was a private in the Twenty-Fourth Ohio, and was taken prisoner by three of the enemy who started with him over the mountains for their camp at Green Brier. On the way the rebels disagreed as to the proper direction to be pursued in order to reach their camp, and it became evident to the prisoner that his captors were bewildered; he instantly resolved to take advantage of the circumstance to regain his liberty. After considerable wrangling between the three rebels, no two of whom could agree upon the proper course, the prisoner came to their aid, and informed them that they were all wrong—that he was well acquainted with the woods, and well knew the direction of their camp—that it was a matter of indifference to him which way they traveled, but, inasmuch as he was both tired and hungry, and would like to get into camp as soon as possible on his own account, he would point out the direction and they might follow it or not, as they chose. He then informed them that by going around the spur of the mountain and then turning obliquely to the right they would fetch their camp exactly. They appeared to be satisfied, and told him to lead on, but if he attempted to escape they would shoot him down instantly. The prisoner thus promoted to act as guide, was not slow to avail himself of the advantage of his position, and turning the spur of the mountain edged away to the right, imperceptibly drawing his captors in the direction of our camp, and to that part where he knew that the pickets of his own regiment would be posted at least a mile in advance of the camp. He knew the ground well and also knew that the pickets of his

regiment would distinguish him from his captors at a glance. He proceeded thus about four miles when "halt!" was immediately followed by the crack of a musket, and down tumbled one of the three rebels. The heretofore quiet prisoner, seemed to have been suddenly transformed into a devil incarnate, for, hastily snatching up the musket of the dead rebel he sprung like a tiger on his two remaining captors, disarming them in a twinkling, and driving them before him with a rapid succession of horrid whoops and yells that they instinctively put their hands to their heads to be certain that their scalps were still in the proper place. He drove them into camp before him, and then coolly sat down to satisfy his hunger.

The rebels continued to show themselves on the mountain in front of us for two or three days, after their disastrous defeat on the twelfth, but wisely concluded that it would be unsafe to attempt another attack, and finally withdrew to their camp at Green Brier. The rough handling they had received at the hands of the Fourteenth, on various occasions had taught them a wholesome fear of coming in contact with men, of whom they had before said they would give no quarter. In fact our boys had become such a terror in their eyes that the prisoners taken by the Ohio boys would beg of their captors not to be given up to the Yellow Jackets of the Fourteenth, as they called us, partly from the color of our hats, and from the certainty of our sting when within striking distance.

It was now the middle of Septemember, and the cold mountain storms as they beat upon the almost naked soldiers, were beginning to make sad havoc in the ranks of the Fourteenth. It seemed that Government had forgotten that such a regiment was in existence. It was said at this time, and we believe with truth, that there was not fifty pairs of pants in the entire regiment that were whole and sound, and it was no uncommon sight to see men going about camp, or cooking around their camp-fires with their blankets strapped around them, reaching to the knee which gave them the appearance of "Scotch Highlanders" in their Kilts.

The boys bore all these privations with praiseworthy fortitude, and seemed tickled at the idea that at best the rebels could get nothing from them but bayonets and bullets. One morning, however, it was plain that something unusual had occurred, or was about to take place. Ragged pantaloons that had been patched up with old towels and dirty white rags were evidently falling into disgrace, and at ten in the forenoon that species of stock was down to a par with the wild cat currency of Michigan, for the boys had received their new pantaloons, and appeared as well pleased as children with a set of Christmas toys.—

To be sure some of them did not fit as neatly as could have been desired for a ball room appearance—there having been a liberal allowance made for any sudden growth which might take place on the part of the wearers. Still the boys looked well in their new pants, and this improvement in their appearance was so great that the "Maid of the Mist," who baked flat cakes over at the "Hawk tavern," began to look upon them with some degree of favor, and no longer made it a condition that the bestowal of her heart and hand should be in exchange for "Linken's Skualp."

It was now determined to show the rebels how to attack a camp, and to this end there began to quietly move up to the summit, large and dangerous looking guns, in charge of numerous ferocious looking "Hoosiers" and "Buckeyes," whose length of limbs and breadth of shoulders would almost warrant the supposition that they were the descendents of the sons of Anak. These dangerous looking individuals accumulated silently and quietly until the force was thought sufficiently large to carry out an armed reconnoissance against the rebel camp at Green Briar.

The night on which the expidition was to leave left camp set in with one of those sudden mountain storms of wind and rain of which no adequate description can be given. The wind howled and roared through the spruce and hemlock forest, the rain fell in torrents, and it seemed as though the storm-king had became angry with the puny efforts of the contending hosts, and was about to settle the disputes in the wilds of Western Virginia, by annihilating both parties. Twelve of our horses perished in the storm that night, and the troops who had come up to the summit and were without tents, were many of them exposed to all its fury during the night. All our tents were crowded with men, and still there were hundreds who were without shelter, and bending before the fierce blast that swept through the mountain pass.

Mr. Joseph Howell of Terre-Haute, was drowned in the early part of the evening while trying to get his horses across a small stream which was swollen to a large volume, and had cut away a portion of the road. Indeed, all the mountain streams were swollen to such a degree that the expedition was delayed for several days. In the meantime, the houseless soldiers made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit by getting under the lea of the mountain and building shelters of brush, and huge log heaps, the genial heat from which thawed out their stiffened limbs, and they began to feel like taking satisfaction out of the rebels for their past sufferings, their uncomfortable condition having, as they declared, originated "on account of the war." It takes the mountain streams but a short time to subside, and accordingly on the second

of October, at midnight, the advance colums of the expedition took up the line of march for the enemy's camp. Men who had been reported to quarters as unfit for duty crawled from their tents and begged to accompany the expedition, although it was plain to any common observer, that they would not be able to walk one half the distance. Any person who could have seen, as we did, the expression of stern resolve which settled on the countenances of the men of the regiment as they were mustered into line by the aid of the dim camp fires on that night, would never for one moment have doubted what would be their conduct, when in front of the enemy. Their looks boded no good to the "seshers." Ah! boys, when you bid "daddy Pool" good bye, that night, as you filed past into the road, he told you that you would be "clapped down in books" and that the name of the Fourteenth would not be swallowed up and lost in other events of the war so long as its members continued to write its history with the points of their bayonets.

Early next morning the rear column took its way toward the enemy's camp, and as the long lines wound over the summit of the distant mountain and disappeared from view, we could not but reflect that some, perhaps many of the brave and gallant soldiers who were thus going forth to do battle for their country might return no more, and that perchance we had taken our last look upon their manly forms this side of eternity, and that before the setting of the sun that day, their eyes would close forever. We had expected to be able to procure a horse with "U. S." marked on his shoulder, and follow on for the purpose of taking notes of the various incidents of the day, but found it impossible to obtain one. The surgeon and the band were already gone, and we were doomed to remain behind, and console ourself with the selfish thought that we, at least, would not be wounded or killed in that fight.

The enemy had stationed a strong body of pickets, about three miles in advance of their camp, but as soon as they saw the old yellow hats of the Fourteenth rise into view, they considerately took to their heels, and fled in the direction of their camp. But the Fourteenth had stacked their coats in anticipation of such an event, and giving one yell, that the rebels might know who was after them, gave chase with their usual headlong speed. In vain the frightened pickets took to the hills—our untiring boys were on their trail, and followed it with the unerring sagacity of blood-hounds. It was said that very few of the enemy's pickets escaped to carry the news into camp, and fewer still who were able to give a definite explanation of matters after getting there. It required but a short time now, to overcome the distance which lay between our troops and the rebel camp, and at nine o'clock A. M.,

the Artillery was placed in position and unlimbered within a short half mile of the enemy. The Infantry deployed right and left in order to take advantage of any sally which the enemy might make from their intrenchments, and the ball opened with a roar from the Union Artillery which shook the hills around Green Briar valley, and as the shot and shell tore through the rebel tents, it gave the owners some idea of the initiatory steps to be taken in attacking an enemy's camp. For four hours the iron storm rained into the rebel camp wherever there was any chance of reaching it.

The enemy made but one sally, in force from their entrenchments, during the day and when the order was given to "up, and at them, boys!" the old Fourteenth and the Ninth fell upon them like a thunderbolt, and drove them back into their trenches with diminished numbers. It was with the utmost difficulty that the officers could prevent the boys from following the discomfited rebels into their entrenchments and take them by storm. For some reason, known only to those who govern armies, (and which the author has no right to question) it was not permitted, and the opportunity for a successful storming of the enemie's works was lost for that day, as they were heavily reinforsed shortly afterwards. We do not say that it would have been advisable to have stormed the enemy's works at the time for there may have been good reasons, and most probably there were, for not doing it as it would, no doubt, have cost us a great many men, while at the same time, our ammunition was almost expended, and we should not have been in a condition to have held the camp, had we taken it.

We here take the liberty of appending the camp poetry of A. Stewart, a member of Company I, Ninth Regiment Indiana volunteers, on the attack upon Green Briar Camp, alias "Fort Washigton," which will show our readers that we had "Hoosier" boys who knew how to woo the muses as well as handle a musket.

ATTACK ON FT. WASHINGTON,

OCTOBER 3, 1861.

BY A. STEWART,

Company I, 9th Regiment Indiana Volunteers.

Come all you gallant Hoosier crew,
And listen to my rhymes,
While I a song now sing to you,
Relating to the times.
Of how in Old Virginia,
Hard fighting was our sport,
And how the rebels ran away
For shelter in their fort.
Oh! run poor rebels, hurry up,
The Ninth is at your back,
And Milroy's not the man to stop,
When once upon the track.

'Twas on a dark October night,
The second I believe,
When with a shout of wild delight,
We our orders did receive
To march, to fight the rebel foe,
Who were several thousand strong,
And who in fortress lay, twelve miles away,
In a fort called Wasington.
Poor rebels each one hunt your den,
The Fourteenth onward rolls,
With KIMBALL, and they're the men,
To make you hunt your holes.

Onward o'er mountains and through mud,
Our gallant men march on,
Resolved to wade through streams of blood,
Ere they would ever run;
Seven miles away, 'tis break of day,
The Ohio Thirty-Second here
With two brass guns to the right away,
March toward the rebel's rear.
Poor rebels now you'd best look out,
The Thirty-Second comes,
With FORD, to ferret traitors out,
And send them to their tombs.

Now down a long and winding hill,
Our forces take their way,
H of the Ninth are scouts, they will
Most surely clear the way;
To Green Briar river they have come,
To the bridge across the stream,
Here many a rebel finds a tomb,
Where Nothern rifles gleam.
Poor rebels you're too far from fort—
The Fifteenth is at hand,
With WAGNER, and with them 'tis sport
To sweep you from the land.

Hark! 'tis the thunder of our guns,
And see the streams of fire
Pour from our ranks, their picket runs,
The rebel crew retire.
With shot and shout we still rush on,
Now on a hill we form,
While HOWE'S and LOOMIS' big guns,
Send forth an iron storm.

Oh! rebels seek a shelter now,
The Seventh comes thundering on,
With DUMONT, and they just know how
To make you rebels run.

Across Green Briar's pleasant vale
Our forces now deploy,
Ditches we leap and fences scale,
And loudly shouts each boy;
While all the time an iron storm,
Is flying over head
And many a true and gallant form
Is numbered with the dead.
Oh! rebels we are getting nigh,
The Thirteenth you may see,
With SULLIVAN and they'll stand by
The banner of the free.

Now on the plain behind a fence,
The Ninth and Fourteenth lay,
While our batteries scarce two rods hence,
Are thundering away;
The foe directly in our front,
Not one mile off, reply,
Some of them safer shelter hunt,
And some in terror fly.
Poor rebels woful is your plight
The Seventeenth is about,
With HASCALL, and they're some to fight
As you will soon find out.

Their guns have almost ceased their fire,
The Fort is almost won;
To the hill side now our men retire,
Soon will the fight be done;
Hark! 'tis a shout comes bursting out
From rebel throats we hear;
Aid to the foe has come no doubt,
All now is lost we fear.
Yet rebels keep behind your works,
Ohio's Twenty-Fourth is nigh,
With AMMON, and they fight like Turks
And don't know how to fly.

Our guns have ceased, our powder gone,
And slowly we retire;
Six hours hard fighting we have done,
Six hours of constant fire;

But yet our lose is very small,
How many I can't say,
Less than a score, I think in all,
And those we brought away.
Poor rebels follow if you dare,
The Ohio Twenty-Fifth is 'round
With Jones, and rebels they'll not spare,
Wherever they are found.

Eighteen hundred shells are said to have been thrown into the rebel camp by our artillery that day, and from the reports of our spies who were on the high peaks of a mountain, and could look down with their glasses into the rebel camp, it was understood that the dead and wounded were strewn over the entire camp. All the rebel guns were said to have been silenced with one solitary exception. That their regular gunners were killed or disabled is evident from the fact that the shells thrown at our troops in the latter part of the engagement did not explode, by reason of the fuse being unopened, which would warrant the supposition that "green hands" were supplying the missiles. We brought one of these unexploded shells, (a six pounder) to Terre-Haute with us, which was taken out of the muscles of the thigh and hip of Harrison Myers, private in Company H, Fourteenth Regiment, Capt. Martin, by Dr. G. W. Clippinger, of Terre-Haute, and may now be seen at the office of the Doctor. Myers died like a brave soldier, only regretting that he could be of no further use to his country.

In this engagement we also lost Sergeant Price of Company A, Fourteenth Regiment, Capt. Foote, of whom we can say, that no braver or better man or soldier ever stood forth to battle for his country. The following lines on the death of Sergeant Price were shown us in manuscript at the camp on Cheat Mountain, a few days after the attack on Green Briar.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF SERG'T PRICE, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO CO. A. 14TH REG'T IND. V. M.

O! heard you that music sound sad on the hill,
Where a band cometh solemnly, slowly and still,
'Tis Company A, of the gallant Fourteenth,
And they bury their comrade, the sod underneath.

He hath fallen in battle, his feet to the foe,
His life-blood it crimsons the green moss below,
But he grasps his good musket, still eager for fight,
And to battle for Freedom and Union and Right.

But the death dealing ball hath shattered his life,
And his comrades will bear him from scenes filled with strife,
While a prayer from his heart ascends up to Heaven,
That our Union by traitors, may never be riven.

He hears the last shot that is fired by the foe,
He sees the retreat quiet, steady and slow,
And the prayer from his heart still ascends to the Throne,
That the might of the right in Thee may be shown.

They have now laid him down on the bed of his death,
While his Captain bends over him to catch his last breath,
And bear to his friends in our noble old State,
The last words of him who hath met this sad fate.

Tell them he murmured, his breath coming fast,
I battled for Freedom and Right to the last,
I bear to my friends the name that I gained,
On the field where the foe their shot and shell rained.

Tell them God from His Throne in the sky,
Looks down on us here with His "All-Seeing Eye,"
And in His good time will aid in our cause,
For Union and Freedom, Constitution and Laws.

He said and fell back; and as death glazed his eye
His soul it ascended to glory on high,
Where it stands by the Throne and implores the great God
To smite those, who fight 'gainst the right, with his rod.

On the soil of Virginia they laid him to rest,
Where the rude winds of Winter will sweep o'er his breast,
And his comrades will think as deep sighs their breasts rend,
Of the soldier, their brother and brave and true friend.

The night watch will pace past his rude lowly grave
And think how he died his dear country to save,
And his heart will in silence a firm resolve form
To fight till our Union is freed from the storm.

W. H. A.

CHEAT MOUNTAIN, VA., Oct. 6, 1861.

We drop a tear to the memory of those of our men who fell that day, and endeavor to stifle a curse against our foes, as we record the death of such men as Price and Myers, of the Fourteenth. It may be a matter of safety for us to let the curse out, for we are fearful we shall never reach Heaven while it is in us, but we will try and qualify it, that it may not shock our readers. It is said, that the grace of God is sufficient for all men, but it is to be feared that the blood of Christ will fail to wash out the sin of rebellion which has led to the death of two such men as the 14th lost that day. We would say Amen! were we not fearful that it would put a stopper on our own repentance.

Our entire loss in this engagement amounted to ten killed and thirteen wounded. That of the enemy, as afterwards ascertained, was over five hundred killed, and wounded not known. Our troops retired quietly and in good order to camp the same evening, Colonel Kimball coming in loaded down with coats which he was carrying for the weary soldiers. We must not omit the incidents which occurred during this engagement, and which it is the author's intention to preserve to posterity, that those who come after us may look back and see the tight places men sometimes get into, and also how they got out of them.

The following incident will show in what estimation the Fourteenth was held by the rebels. One of our men lay wounded considerably in advance, and somewhat to the left of where the Regiment was posted. Colonel Kimball ordered Adjutant Blinn to take twelve men and an ambulance and bring him in. The Adjutant took his squad and started, but when within about one hundred yards of the wounded man, he discovered, slipping along, on the other side, about forty of the enemy. It took him but a moment to

strike out his line of operations, and dismounting, gave his horse in charge of one of his squad, with orders to stay where he was, and then arming himself with the soldier's musket, started with his eleven men for a clump of trees, which stood between him and the wounded man. It was an economical arrangement of the Adjutant, this leaving his horse out of danger, as the Fourteenth had not as yet seen the "first red" from the military chest of Uncle Sam, and should his horse be shot it might have bothered him to obtain another as good for immediate use, whereas should he get a hole in his own skin, Doctor Clippinger was bound by the army regulations to heal it up, at Uncle Sam's expense. By the time the Adjutant and his party had reached cover, the enemy had discovered them, and took the trees also but had not yet made out the character of our party. Blinn ordered his men to hold their fire until they could get near enough for a sure shot, when they would try and draw the enemy from their cover, and give them the benefit of a full volley. With this end in view, the Adjutant shouted out, "who are you?" One of the rebels stepped out and answered 'Arkansas.' Blinn did not hear the answer distinctly but one of his men did, and thinking the answer should be properly replied to, blazed away and turned Arkansas up. Again Blinn shouted "who are you?" and again was the answer returned. "Arkansas." "Well," yelled the Adjutant, "Mr. Arkansas, you had better be getting out of that, we are the Fourteenth." Blinn says the way those thirty-nine rebels went up the mountain, would have astonished a Chamois hunter of the Alps, and could one have been there, he could have taken lessons in the art of scaling mountain crags from those who seemed to understand it perfectly. Our party brought in their wounded comrade, and several guns which the rebels dropped in their flight. It must not be forgotten that the Adjutant brought in his horse safe and sound, and that Docter Clippinger did not have the pleasure of performing a surgical operation on any of that little squad. We will here also take occasion to say, that our young friend Adjutant Blinn, of the Fourteenth, is as promising a young officer as there is in the army, and we should be rejoiced to hear of his promotion. If the incident just related has no other merit, it at least shows that the enemy had a wholesome fear of the boys of the Fourteenth, and were, on most occasions, nowise slow in putting a safe distance between themselves and the "yellow hatted devils," as they sometimes called the boys of the regiment.

Almost every one has heard of Daum's battery, which was attached to the Fourteenth Regiment. Captain Daum was a character, in his way, and second to none, in all the qualities of the soldier. Brave and cool

in all his actions, he was at the same time rapid as a mountain torrent in battle, and woe to the poor sinner of a rebel whose ambition for a military display in time of battle drew the attention of Captain Daum. It will be remembered that for two or three days after the defeat of the rebels at Cheat Mountain, they continued to show themselves on the mountain in front of our camp; among them was an officer mounted on a white horse, and so regular did he 'make' his appearance, that we named him the "white horseman of the mountains." At the battle of Green Briar the same horse and rider were actively engaged in stirring up the enemy to action. Such a display could hardly escape the keen eyes of Daum, and he determined to try the range of his favorite six-pounder on him, if for no other purpose than to keep himself in practice. The first shot was a clear miss, of the target aimed at, but as if disappointed at missing its object, the shell tore down a row of tents immediately in the rear of the "white horseman of the mountain." The effect of the shot was sufficient to keep Daum from swearing at the time, but only strengthened his determination the more to carry out his intention. He again levelled his piece, and away sped the iron messenger, and this time with fatal accuracy, for the white horseman, horse and all, were knocked twenty feet up the mountain, while at the same time, Daum sprung into the air and striking his heels together exclaimed 'there, py tam, you see dat!' and then again went to work with an energy that sent the iron missiles through the enemie's camp like a hail storm. Captain Daum and his German artillery company were favorites with the Fourteenth, and this incident tickled the boys hugely.

There were several hand to hand conflicts during that day, and the two following incidents which took place during the engagement at Green Briar, is evidence that there is some danger in this species of "ground and lofty tumbling" especially when a Hoosier forms one of the parties. A party of the 14th had been sent out along the slope of the mountain during the engagement, for the purpose of cutting off the flanking parties of the enemy, which might be sent in that direction. Our men proceeded a short distance, and deployed out so as to cover as much ground as was thought necessary, and then covered themselves behind logs and rocks, and watched closely for the enemy. O——, a private of the Fourteenth had snugly stowed himself away behind a log, and, as he thought, was keeping as keen a look out as the circumstances required, congratulating himself on his position, and thinking what a glorious shot he could have, should any of the enemy come within range of his musket. It so happened that a straggling party of the rebels were in the mountain, and one of them discov-

ering O— and knowing by the color of his old hat that he was of the Fourteenth, became suddenly seized with the idea of making him a prisoner, and exhibiting him in the rebel camp as one of that renowned regiment. No doubt visions of a Lieutenant's commission floated through "seshers" mind as he contemplated the successful capture of O——, or failing in obtaining the commission, he could exhibit him in a cage, and thereby keep himself in apple jack, as one of the Fourteenth had never as yet been taken to their camp as a prisoner.. O— is a stout double-fisted man, and as good and brave a soldier as ever stepped into ranks, and should we be allowed to express an opinion, it would be that any man, and especially a rebel would be consulting his own safety by keeping off of him. But "sesher" was a large man, and never doubted but he could manage O—— if he could once get hold of him; at least so his subsequent actions would seem to indicate, for the first intimation O—— had of his presence, sesher was on top of him. It is pretty well known that in a rough and tumble "scrimmage," a Hoosier considers himself "at home," and so it proved in this instance, for O— gathering up his strength, by a quick movement threw the rebel from him, and both sprang to their feet, without other weapons than their natural. "sledge hammers." "Look here," said O—— "you poor miserable cuss," haven't you got no more manners than to jump onto a gentleman after that fashion," and seconding the words with a blow of his fist he fetched "sesher" down, and jumped on him, holding him there until one of our boys ran up and shot him through the head, scattering both his visions of a commission and abundance of apple-jack at the same time. While this personal contest was going on between O—— and his antagonist almost a similar one was being enacted by F—— of the Fourteenth and another of that straggling party of rebels; but this time "sesher" had to do with a *Patlander*. F—— was also snugly ensconsed behind a log, and watching for a chance at the *ribel* rascals, and we may imagine that pleasant thoughts of the "groves of Blarney" and "Donnybrook fair" were mingled with hopes of getting into a row with the enemy, and putting an end to the irksome inactivity of his present situation. F—— is a good stout soldier, and a brave man, and it made little differance to him how many of the enemy came along, provided he succeeded in getting into a fight. F's share of the perils of the day were about to commence, however, and his first intimation of the near presence of a foe was to find one astride of him. F—— threw up his hand to push his assailant off, but "sesher" seized the small part of F——'s hand between his teeth, and grasping F——'s other hand with one of his, attempted to draw his knife with his disengaged

hand, with a view to put an end to the struggle at once. F. cared very little for the knife, but the biting was a part of the game which he nor any other Irishman could reconcile with fair play. "Och! be jabers ye bloody hathen, will ye be afther biting a man like a domned Snake,"—and by a sudden wrench he freed his hands from the grasp of the rebel, and clutching his neck he soon had the satisfaction of exchanging situations with his assailant, who continued however to struggle for release, F—— exhorting him to "be asy me darlint, your troubles will soon be over," and so they were, for Sergeant Fritts of Company F, having, by this time, discovered the struggle, ran up and put an end to it and the pugnacious rebel at the same time.

The following incident which occurred on the day of the Green Briar affair, between Brown of Company I, of the Fourteenth Regiment, and a straggling rebel, may be set down as one of those mutual mistakes which generally ends disastrously to one or the other of the parties. Brown had come across a man who he supposed was a soldier of one of the Ohio Regiments, while the stranger supposed that Brown belonged to the rebels. Each felt so sure of the other being a friend, that neither thought of questioning the other in regard to the matter, and traveled along the slope of the mountain together, until an open spot showed some of our troops, drawn up before them. "Here" says Brown's companion, "We can get a good shot." "Why, those are our men," answered Brown. "No they ain't," said the other; "if they were, their faces would be turned the other way." By this time Brown had began to scrutinize his companion more closely, and at the same time slowly brought his gun to a position that he might bring it to bear on him in an instant if necessary. "What company do you belong to?" asked Brown. "To Captain Taylors," answered the other. "What Regiment?" queried Brown. "Third Arkansas," answered the other. Brown's musket was at his shoulder before the words were fairly out of his mouth. "Now" says Brown "lay down that gun or you are a dead rebel." The "secher" threw his gun from him and surrendered, at the same time observing "Well, you haven't a great deal the advantage of me any way, for you were as much mistaken as myself." Brown brought in his prisoner.

We must not omit the adventure of Mr. Edward Stewart, a "gemman ob culler" and a cook in Company F. Ed. by the way, was a "bustah," and thought himself an illused man, in not being allowed to shoulder a gun, and go out and fight for the Union, and the honor of Indiana. At the Rich Mountain affair, the Colonel drove Ed. back into camp, having detected that "gemman" in the act of making his way to the

scene of action without leave. After the Green Briar reconnoissance was determined upon, Ed. obtained leave to accompany Captain Williamson in the expedition, with the understanding that he was to carry the Captn's grub and make himself otherwise useful, as circumstances might require. As in duty bound, Ed. stuck close to the Captain, having formed a very correct idea that by so doing he would be apt to see some fighting, and perhaps find an opportunity to take a hand in it. The Ninth and Fourteenth Indiana had worked themselves around on the enemie's flank, and were lying behind a rail fence, waiting for them to come out of their entrenchments, and Mr. Stewart, in order that he might have a full view of the field was standing some rods behind company F. and on the slope of the mountain, thus having a tolerably fair view of the rebel camp. The enemy at this moment turned one of their batteries on the Ninth and Fourteenth, for the purpose of dislodging them, and a six pound ball striking one of the top rails of the fence, sent the fragments whirling in every direction, one of which shaved Mr. Stewart's hat from his head as neatly as it could have been done by a sythe, leaving that gemman bare headed, his eyes standing out like two sentinals on an advanced post, and six inches of ivory flashing out like chain lightning from a dark cloud. "Yah! yah! who done dat? take care dah," and as the roar of the rebel cannon slowly worked the solution to the question through Ed's wool as to "who done dat," that darky broke for the nearest cover, and was extremely careful about exposing the person of Mr. Edward Stewart during the balance of the day. We had a conversation with him on the subject after he returned to camp, and on our enqriring of him if he wished to go out to another fight, he frankly said "no sah" unless he was permitted to carry a gun, that "dis nigga had jobectins bout leabing his wool in old Wirginny, and darefo under de confostances ob de case, he would cook de wittels ob de debbils ob de Fourteenth dat didnt 'pear to mind de shots any more dan pop guns."

We cannot pass from the incidents of the Fourteenth without adding the adventures of Captain Kelsey of the Eighth Ohio. The Captain was stationed at Webster, with his company, and was commandant of the post at the time we had the pleasure of makeing his aquaintance. Captain Kelsey is an officer of "goodly presence" and a gentleman, and weighs two hundred pounds, and one evening while setting beside his camp fire he related the following adventure to us, which we take the liberty of publishing as a sort of set off for not being at liberty to publish that other tale he told us, about the Lieutenant drilling the female home guard. Early in the fall of

1861, the Captain becoming weary of the sameness of his command at Webster, applied for, and obtained leave of absence to visit his old friend Gen. Rosecrans, who was then at Gauley. The General was anxious to obtain intelligence from the rebel force under Floyd, and the Captain, full of adventure, volunteered to go through Floyd's camp. Dressing himself as a Virginia farmer, the Captain approached Floyd's camp in a different direction from that of the Union forces, and represented himself as hailing from a neighborhood some thirty miles distant, the inhabitants of which Floyd knew to be all right "on the goose." Having remained in camp as long as he thought prudent, the Captain took the road for his alledged home, which he followed until a convenient opportunity presented itself for turning off in the direction of Rosecrans' camp; but here the Captain was over hauled by three of the rebel patrol, consisting of an old man, his son and a negro, all armed with muskets. In vain the Captain represented to them where he lived. They had no doubt of the truth of the Captain's statements, but then he was on the wrong road, and that in itself was a suspicious circumstance.

Captain Kelsey was not the man to allow himself to be quietly hamstrung and "led like a sheep to the slaughter" by such a rebel patrol as the one which had now brought him to a halt. While the conversation was going on between them, the Captain had seated himself at the foot of a tree, and the negro leaning his musket against the tree had stepped off a few paces; the old man was within thirty feet of Kelsey, and the young man within ten feet. "Now was the accepted time, and now was the day of salvation," and the Captain was not slow in availing himself of it. Slowly rising from his seat to avoid giving any suspicion, he hastily seized the negro's musket, and shot down the old man, and before the young one could recover from his surprise at the suddenness of the attack, the Captain had him pinned to the earth with the bayonet through his body, while the negro fell upon his knees and yelled out—gor 'a'mity massa, I guv's it up, i'se a pris'ner, I is, i'se a done gone nigga dis time shuah. The Captain loaded his sable prisoner with the arms of his dead captors, and arrived safely in Gen. Rosecrans' camp where his report, no doubt, contributed largely to the taking of such measures, as afterwards resulted in the flight of the rebel Floyd from his position on the Gauley.

We had the promise of moving from our present position, as soon as the Green Briar affair should be over, and accordingly on the eighth of October the order came for the Fourteenth to strike tents, and move down to Tygart Valley. No poor sinner, who having worked out his probation in purgatory, and with an honorable

discharge in his pocket, turns his back upon the scene of his late sufferings could feel more pleasure than did the boys of the Fourteenth Regiment that day in turning their backs on the horrors of Cheat Mountain. Their eyes had been blessed with the sight of but one young woman, since they kindled their first camp fires on Cheat Mountain, and she was as innocent of crinoline, as boarding-house coffee is of cream. We ask pardon of our fair readers, but it must be recollected that the young lady in question was raised in the mountains of Western Virginia and had never seen a hooped skirt, and consequently was not to be blamed for being out of fashion; in fact we failed to discover what kind of fashion the lady followed, for when in full dress she had the appearance of a full sack of meal, with a pumpkin set on the top by way of a head, and then her feet, "ye gods, what feet"; should leather ever take a sudden rise in the market on account of its scarcity, that lady will have to go barefoot to a certainty; but enough—she was christened the "maid of the mist," and treated with the respect due all ladies in or out of the fashion. As we emerged from the rugged sides of old Cheat Mountain into the valley, our readers may imagine with what delight, the boys beheld a lady with expanded skirts, some three hundred yards ahead; some said she looked precisely like their wife, others, that she looked like their sister or sweetheart; and all agreed in the opinion, that it was the first time they had felt as though they were in a christian country since crossing the Ohio, and therefore there must be a great deal of piety connected with crinoline. The crinoline walked into a farm yard and turned around to see us pass by—O! King of the Cannibal Islands—the expanded skirt hung from the waist of as glossy an African female as ever danced at an alligator feast of the "Kings of Congo," or kicked up her heels at a "possum" roast in Western Virginia.

We heard no more about crinoline that day, in connection with wives, sisters, or sweethearts, but there were sundry deep mutterings, which induced us to think that piety and crinoline were at loggerheads in connection with colored ladies, and that piety was getting the worst of it.

The 14th pitched their tents at Huttonville on a fine grassy level meadow, and sat down to enjoy themselves after the fatigue and horrors of an active campaign on Cheat Monntain. In a few days the Paymaster, who had seemed to exist only in imagination for the last five months, had at last arrived in camp, and there appeared some probability that Uncle Sam had at last bethought himself of his Fourteenth nephew, and decided to do handsomely by him. But day after day passed away, and no movement seemed to indicate that the boys of the Fourteenth were to have anything to rattle in their pockets.

One morning a stranger entered the Paymaster's office, having on his head an old yellow hat, and a blouse considerably the worse for wear, around his shoulders, while his nether limbs were incased in a pair of pantaloons, which had the appearance of having seen hard service, and mildly enquired of the Paymaster when he was going to pay off the Fourteenth Regiment? Whenever your Colonel comes and asks that question, replied the Paymaster, I shall consider myself called on to answer. Oh! well, replied the stranger, it makes no particular differance any how, but as I am of rather an inquisitive turn of mind I thought I would ask, especially as I think it about time the boys had their pay. Who are you? said the Paymaster. I am Col. Kimball of the Fourteenth Regiment, replied the stranger, whats left of me. Well, says the Paymaster, why in thunder did'nt you say so, take a seat Colonel, I am going to pay off the Fourteenth tomorrow. The boys recieved their pay up to the first of September, and as it was the first money they had seen for five months, it was truly diverting to see them seated on the grass, and counting it out in different piles, each pile having its prrticular object, or destination, those of home and the girls being much the largest. Here the author left the Regiment for a short visit to his home, and civalization in the west, with a promise to write a letter back to his comrades of the Fourteenth as soon as he arrived in the land of "brave hearts and fair dames," from which the Fourteenth had taken its departure. That the author fulfilled that promise, the following letter will bear evidence, as published in the "Daily Wabash *Express*," and the papers sent to the Regiment:

My Lambs:—If you ever read your Bible—which is extremely doubtful—you will find it recorded that one Nebuchadnezzar was turned out to grass, and put upon vegitable diet for his sins. I call this to your minds, my doves, that you may take warning from the above named individual with the long name, and by a timely repentance, be enabled to turn a sharp corner, and *juke old clooly* who has great hopes of getting a firm grip on you, some of these days. That you are great sinners, is evident from the fact that when you are called on to skirmish with the rebels, you "fall in" with a great deal more alacrity than when called on to go to hear preaching. And then, you have a decidedly wicked selfish, uncomfortable, private mad-house sort of a way in covering every foot of available ground, between yourselves and the enemy, thereby rendering his chances for a long and *useful* life extremely doubtful.

It must, however, be confessed, my children, that you have some excuse for this unhealthy way of dealing with traitors, seeing that it would afford

them the greatest pleasure to separate your jugular, on the first convenient opportunity; an operation, which from my knowledge of your character would be rather a hazardous undertaking. And then, your unearthly yells, whenever you get sight of the enemy, is enough to frighten any honest christian gentleman out of his boots, to say nothing of the effect it must have on a poor devil of a rebel whose conscience is already weighed down by his manifold sins. The careless way you have of shooting, not appearing to care where you hit the enemy, is, to say the least, very culpable on your part, as from actual observation I have noticed that you would as soon hit them in the head as not, which goes to prove that you have a kind of wicked propensity for putting out of the way all traitors to the kind Government of Uncle Sam. It has also been confidentially reported to me that some of you swear terribly when you go into a fight with the rebels. Now you know, my lambs, that it is wicked to swear under any circumstances knowingly. Your daddy can think of but two excuses which you can make in extenuation of this wikedness. First, in the heat and excitement of battle, it is barely possible for you to swear, and not be conscious of it at the time; second, that the Government pays the Chaplain for looking after your morals, and therefore it would appear at first glance that it is his business to look after your moral well fare, and keep you from swearing, especially in battle. Since I have been down here in America, the question has been frequently asked, is the Fourteenth as ragged as has been reported. My reply is, that the Fourteenth is so completely covered with glory, that one does not see the rags, while looking at the man. Now boys, after making that answer for you should I hear of your running from the rebels before I get ready to join you again, I will drop every thing and come up there and give some of you a welting.

The good people of Terre-Haute are getting up a quantity of socks and other things to make you comfortable, through the winter, a part of which I shall bring through for you on my return, so I want you to be on your "taps" and give a good account of yourselves, for there is a rumor here that you are about to get into another fight, and it must be said to your credit, that you don't want much coaxing to "go in."

J. T. POOL.

Terre-Haute, Indiana, Oct. 24, in the year of grace, 1861.

To one who has spent months in the excitement of camp life, and the stirring events, incident to a brisk campaign, the tameness of a town soon becomes irksome, and he longs to return to his coffee and crackers, and exciting scenes to be

found around the camp fires of his Regiment. At least it was so with the author, and he accordingly set out on his return, having in charge some fifteen hundred pounds of donations contributed by the generous citizens of Terre-Haute and vicinity, for the benefit of the boys of the Fourteenth Regiment.

On arriving at Webster, the roads were found to be in such bad condition, that the government utterly refused transportation for donations on the Brigade wagons. At Webster the author met Capt. Williard of the "Crescent City Guards," in the same predicament as himself, in regard to donations, and not being willing to leave their goods to the "tender mercies" of government agents, they hired a four horse team to complete the transportation to camp, a distance of near sixty miles, at the small rate of three dollars per hundred weight. To avoid the pike which was terribly cut up with the passage of government teams, we took the old mountain road which had not as yet been much traveled by the wagons, and this route also furnished the author an opportunity of satisfying his curiosity as to the moral and educational resources, of the back settlements of Western Virginia. On the day that Gov. Morton was reviewing the troops at Indianapolis, and the ladies were out in thin shoes and light dresses, and the glorious sun was shedding its invigorating influence upon the fair fields of Indiana, and its genial rays were warming into life the thousands of armed men, and "fair dames" who dotted the review ground, the author "solitary and alone," was breasing the steep acclivities of "Laurel Hill" in one of the severest snow storms of the season, and the snow six inches deep on the ground, and the wind roaring through the mountain gorges as if "old boreas" had got a new hand at the bellows. As he gained the summit of the mountain, he turned and brushed the snow from his eyelids, and looked away to the north-east over the mountain spurs, which the distance had reduced to mole hills, and endeavored to locate Indiana, and especially, the beautiful city of Terre-Haute; but the horizen was bounded only with wild wastes, and mountain crags, and he was fain to comfort himself with the knowledge that away beyond these desolate wastes, upon which the hand of the Almighty had seemed to have been laid in anger—lay the fair fields of his Western home.

The day was wearing late, and a weary distance still lay between him and the first cabin on the other side of the mountain, and as he turned to commence the descent, the thought of putting that formidable barrier between himself and civilization caused him to brush the wet snow from his eyes—it could'nt have been a tear, dear reader, for the toils of half a century go far towards drying up the fountains of the heart, and then, what business

had a poor devil of a scribbler to go whimpering at the idea of putting so small an affair as Laurel Hill between himself and home. Take that part of Western Virginia which lays off from the Ohio river, and the immediate vicinity of the Rail Road, and which is called the back settlements, and the traveler will find the inhabitants to be more than fifty years behind the age, in the way of moral and educational advantages. That they have all the rough hospitality of fifty years ago cannot be denied, but the lack of mental culture in both old and young, and no prospect of its becoming better is certainly to be lamented.

The traveler inquires in vain for books and newspapers, and with one solitary exception the author, in making a twelve day's trip from Webster to Huttonville and back again, failed to find a newspaper in any of the dwellings along the old mountain road. The following conversation between the author, and the lady of the house where he stopped over night, in what is known as the "White Oak settlement" may serve as a fair sample of all the back settlements of Western Virginia. As a matter of course there are exceptions to all general rules.

Madam, have you any books?

No.

Have you any newspapers?

No.

Any school or school-house in the neighborhood?

No.

Any meeting house?

No.

What, no preaching?

No sir, none.

Madam, pardon me one more question; is there a distillery in the neighborhood?

O yes sir, there is one up the hollow hereaway.

Ah, Madam, that in a measure, accounts for the absence of books, newspapers, schools and churches. The money and labor that built the distillery, would have built a school and meeting house; the money that keeps the distillery going, would buy the books and newspapers, and pay the schoolmaster and preacher; the time and health lost by use of the liquor made at that distillery, would put every foot of arrable land in your little valley, under a high state of cultivation, and who will deny that, under such a state of things, the White Oak settlement would not be prosperous, happy and powerful—for *knowledge is* power. Ah, replied the woman, you are one of them temperance men I've heard tell about, and I hate 'em wus than I do abolitioners.

We found that we had got a hard task on our hands, and so drawing an old Daily Wabash *Express* from our pocket we proceeded to read it from title page to finis, including even the notices for application for license to sell "intoxicating drinks in less quantities than a quart." We cannot re-

member that we ever had a more interested audience than we had that night in the White Oak settlement, and although the contents of the paper was six weeks old, it was news to them, and the truth of some of its articles were very much doubted, as they told against the final success of the Southern Confederacy.

Except at Beverly and Philippa, there are but two Church buildings on the route between Huttonville and Webster, a distance of near sixty miles, and one of these had the windows stove in, and the other was occupied as teamsters' quarters. We thought of going to Church one Sabbath when at Webster, but found the pulpit occupied by a fiddler—"Old Virginia never tire" having taken the precedence of "Old Hundred," and horse hair and cat gut that of the Bible and Hymn Book, and the audience playing "old sledge" in the pews. The Minister and his lady came to the door, but seeing the "House of God" given up and turned over to the kingdom of Sathanas, they turned away with sorrow as they thought of the degeneracy of the times.

After being six days out from Webster, we reached the camp of the Fourteenth; the place which we had, four weeks previously, left so dry and covered with a beautiful green sward, was now eight inches deep with thin mud. The boots, socks, blankets and delicacies for the table, contributed by the generous people of Terre-Haute and vicinity, were received with joy by the boys of the Fourteenth.

It was diverting to witness the grave politeness of the privates of the Fourteenth, as they stood half leg deep in mud, inviting their friends to take supper with them in their tents, and at the same time enumerating the *extras* just arrived from their friends in *America!* God bless the christian people of Indiana, and down we sat to a supper, the like of which had not before been seen in the camp of the Fourteenth, since it had left the borders of its native State. It was a short grace but the Fourteenth is remarkable for quick dispatch of business, but we venture to say that there were as many sincere prayers went up that night for the generous donors, from within the old tents of the Fourteeth, as ever ascended from the cushioned pews of the well filled Churches of our christian population of Indiana.

Next morning December second 1861, the order came for the Fourteenth to brake up camp at Huttonville and go into winter quarters at Philippa. The prospect of warm winter quarters, after the hardships on Cheat Mountain, was anything but unpleasant to our weary and worn soldiers; but that they were doomed to disappointment will remain to be shown in their campaign of 1862, which the author designs to write out in the camp of the Fourteenth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, and which will contain the full muster rolls of

HECKMAN
NDERY, INC.
Bound-To-Please®
OCT 0C
NCHESTER, INDIANA 46962